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LOVE'S ECLIPSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CARRIE MYER.

Yes, merry Herbert! lift the wine cup high!
What are thy plighted vows of love and truth!
Thy Ina's tenderness and hope and faith
Are nothing to the joy of one bright hour!
That friends look forward to the laurelled crown
Within thy reach and proudly speak of thee—
The good and gifted—what is this to thee!
Thy sweet one fadeth—what is this to thee!

Go on, but chide her not, that in the draught
So ruby red and clear, she sadly sees
A fearful rival driving from thy heart
Her own pure image—chide not that her eyes,
Reft of their wonted light, avoid the gleam
Of serpent folds among those crimson hues.

Thou hast forgotten how amid the flowers
Of Oakland's garden home, and o'er the hills
And shady vales of dear old Daisy-Glen
She wandered with thee many a summer day,
And listened blushingly to every word
Of fond endearment—not a shade to mar
The beauty of her Eden-life of joy!
She gazed in rapture out upon the sea,
And fain believed its calm, blue, sunny depths
Were soundless, shoreless, and for aye to be
Unruffled by the chilly breath of storm!

Alas, for that fair azure peacefulness!
Alas, that such rare beauty should depart!
Within yon little circling rim are drowned
Her dearest hopes, and from this day she dates,
Through years of wretchedness, her "love's
eclipse."

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LV.

When Lady Maud and Lady Kingswood turned at the sound of Philip Avon's voice, and beheld him standing in the doorway, they both shuddered—not so much at his unexpected as at his actual appearance.

He stood, drawn up to his full height, sternly regarding both. His form was gaunt and spare, looking, as it was, fearfully wasted; his face was thin; his check-bone stood out, and were unpleasantly prominent; his nose, aquiline, sharp, and rigid, was equally so; his lips, thin and white, were scarcely perceptible, from his incessant habit of compressing or of biting them, and his eyes, large and deep-set in their hollow sockets, gleaned brightly and savagely; the bloodless hue of his face added to the dismay, rather than the dislike, which his appearance created.

A flashing glance round the apartment seemed to satisfy him that a cause to which he had attributed the interval which had elapsed between the departure of his messenger and the appearance of Lady Maud in his presence, had no existence but in his imagination. His brow relaxed—and a smile, not a very attractive one, lighted up his face.

"Ladies!" he exclaimed, raising his riding-cap from his head with a not ungraceful movement; "you will extend your pardon to me if I have made a too liberal use of the free license which, perhaps, unenviably distinguishes our country manners. I must honestly confess at the same time, however, that the freedom many complain of suits my wild, intractable disposition, and I constantly avail myself of it, from choice and not from ignorance of what is due to good breeding. To be sure, I ought to have sat patiently below and awaited your coming. I could have looked out of the window into the park, or gazed admiringly at the ornamental grounds, criticised the engravings upon the wall of the apartment, hummed a tune—if nature had deigned to have given me a musical ear—to distinguish between a country jig and the National Anthem, or have beaten a tattoo with my heels, as a tenant does in the steward's office when he wants his rent lowered. I could probably have done all this had I not been a love-sick swain; but then I have come a-wooing, and in my wooing, patience is not my mood; hence, as Lady Maud came not in search of me, I appear thus abruptly in search of Lady Maud. Lady Kingswood, I have, I hope, your pardon for this seemingly rude intrusion, but which, I hope, my frank explanation will have proved to have been a very natural one."

He entered the room as he spoke, and tendered his hand to Lady Maud, who, however, stood like a statue, motionless, without heeding it.

Lady Kingswood, extremely proud, and exacting in all the observances which etiquette demands, reddened slightly, and gave him but a cool inclination of the head.

"I believe I have seen but little, Mr. Avon, of that free license in which you say country manners delight!" she exclaimed, with a little *hauteur* in her tone and mien. "I fear you libel your neighbors; at the same time permit me to suggest that if it be a rule for country manners to adopt a free license, it is only just to those who do not approve of or follow the rule, that their feelings should be consulted before they are subjected to its familiarities. This is not a reception-room, Mr. Avon. We will, if you please, descend to that which you have just quitted. Come, Maud, my love."

Philip Avon bowed, bit his lips until he felt the taste of blood in his mouth, and fell back on receiving this rebuke. It had not the effect, however, of curbing his natural impetuosity, or altering one iota of the purpose with which he had come to Kingswood Hall.

At first Lady Maud hesitated to move, but as Lady Kingswood quitted the apartment, she followed, and with a quick step, for Philip made a gesture as if he would have caught her hand, and detained her with him alone.

When they entered the elegantly-furnished reception-room into which Philip Avon had been at first ushered, Lady Kingswood forced rather than persuaded Lady Maud into a chair, while she herself stood by her side with Maud's hand clasped in hers.

Lady Kingswood then motioned to a seat near them, and Philip Avon, to whom the gesture was addressed, influenced, in spite of himself, by her ladyship's calm dignity, glided into it, although he sat with evident uneasiness.

"Now, Mr. Philip Avon, after tendering you the usual greetings," commenced Lady Kingswood, with an assumption of self-possession which she might hardly have been expected to have exhibited, "will you favor us with the object of your visit?"

Philip Avon burst into a rude laugh. "Lady Maud is the object of my visit, unquestionably," he said.

Lady Kingswood felt Lady Maud shudder. Philip's mode of speech was offensive even to Lady Kingswood.

"Mr. Avon," she said, with a nervous twitch of the lip, "will you permit me to be frank with you, and put a question to you which, upon the face of it, is a rude one?"

"I shall only be too delighted with your frankness, Lady Kingswood, to deem any question you may put to me a rude one," he responded, promptly.

"Your somewhat abrupt remark, to the effect that Lady Maud is the object of your visit, urges me to ask you if you have ever glanced at the poets of this or any other language?" she inquired, with a sarcastic tone.

"At school I used to read with a great deal of difficulty, Homer in the Greek. *My* Greek, Lady Kingswood, as the doctor used to tell me," he replied with a laugh. "But in the English I have read, I think Swift, and Pope, and Dryden, and many others. I have forgotten their names. Pray, Lady Kingswood, why do you ask?" he added, interrogatively.

"You have mentioned Dryden," exclaimed her ladyship. "Do you remember his versified tale of Cymon and Iphigenia?"

Philip Avon clapped his hands and laughed.

"Ay," he cried, "right well. You have levelled a shot at me, Lady Kingswood," he said; "but you have missed your mark; Cymon was rude and boorish, 'a squire among swains,' I think the tale says; but Lady Kingswood, remember, he won his love, ay, as I would have won her by the force of my strong, right arm against every suitor, betrothed or not."

Lady Kingswood waved her hand for him to cease speaking. "Admit that he won her," she retorted, "the poet himself said—

"'Heaven sometimes may bless
An impious act with undeserved success.'"

Philip Avon started to his feet.

"Lady Kingswood," he said, sternly, almost fiercely, was it to repeat those lines to me, leaving me to apply the moral, that you drew my attention to the poets?"

"No, Mr. Avon," she replied, with a calm dignity. "Be seated, and I will tell you what lines I desired to commend to your special attention and consideration."

He slowly re-seated himself and cast a sullen glance at Lady Maud, who, with averted face, gazed throughtfully out upon the broad extent of landscape the spacious window commanded.

"You very readily accepted, nay, adopted a comparison to the Cymon of Dryden," continued Lady Kingswood, affecting a light satirical manner, far from justified by her real emotions. "Therefore, in Lady Maud's case, I counsel you to lay your finger thus, and let your soul be instructed."

She placed her finger somewhat archly upon her upper lip, and removing it said—"The poet sings thus:

"What, not his father's care nor tutor's art
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor Love at once inspired,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fired;
Love taught him shame, and Shame with Love
at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life."

No one, to have looked at this moment at Lady Kingswood, would have believed what a pressure was upon her brain, and how her heart ached in her bosom.

Lady Maud turned her head half round, and cast a reproachful glance at her, but she did not observe it, for she was occupied by observing Philip Avon's sudden change of manner.

He rose up, and bending to Lady Kingswood, said,

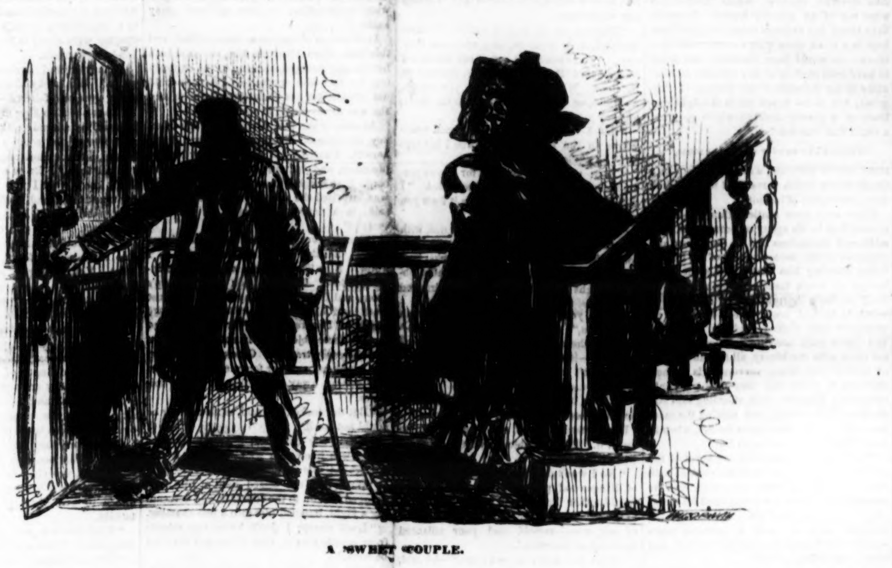
"Your ladyship's reproof is well timed. I acknowledge my coarse rudeness. I apologize, and I hope for pardon."

"Oh," smiled Lady Kingswood, "I freely grant it on my own part. You must win it from Lady Maud by your own proper pleading."

"Then, at present, the culprit must perforce be content to remain unpardoned, for he has yet much grace to win in Lady Maud's eyes ere he can hope to be absolved for the commission of any fault however small," responded Philip Avon, so as to render it more pleasing than Lady Kingswood had yet heard it.

"You wrong Maud," rejoined her ladyship. "She is very gracious and very forgiving, I am sure, to all—"

"Save to me, Lady Kingswood," interposed Philip; "and to me she is as marble, because—because I love her, Lady Kingswood. Oh, I am glad that you are here at this moment, because I see, though passionately attached to Lady Maud, you are not therefore adverse to my suit."



A SWEET COUPLE.

"It is one of Lord Kingswood's cherished plans," observed her ladyship, although it was with some difficulty that she articulated the words clearly.

"If so, Lady Kingswood, what must it be to me, who, without knowing it, have loved her for years?" exclaimed Philip, earnestly. "I knew, as a boy, that I liked young Lady Maud better than any other maiden I had seen, and I thought it was because she was prettier, more graceful, and somehow pleasanter than any of them; when I had sprung into manhood and found that she had leaped from a mere girl into maidenhood, my heart, Lady Kingswood, my heart, which, till then, beat only for myself, told me the nature of the preference I entertained for her. I loved her not with a holiday liking, not a mild, milky longing, at a distance, but a fierce, burning, impetuous, ungovernable—why should it be governable—frenzied passion, but no less love, that love which places her peerless above all women that ever lived, and will keep her there the highest, the brightest, the proudest—"

"Never to change?" muttered Lady Kingswood, with a face of ghastly paleness.

"Never to change," repeated Philip Avon. "My wife, Lady Avon, she will be a part of my own heart, my own life, of my own honor, a creature apart from the rest of the world. Change! Trample down my name in the ashes of my pride, lash me through my own lands by the hand of my own groom, compel me to bend the knee to him who strikes me, to bow down humbly before him who basely wrongs me—then ask me to change, I may then, but not before, Lady Kingswood."

Lady Kingswood rose up and paced the room in a perturbed manner. There was a spasmodic sob in her throat, but her head and form were proudly erect and she paced the apartment with the carriage of an Empress.

Philip watched her beneath his brows. "I have struck the right trail," he thought, "to this proud woman's heart. Lord Kingswood has played her false for a thousand! I'll make her my friend at least."

He waited until she approached him again, and then arresting her steps, he said—"Are you, Lady Kingswood, wonder-stricken that where I have set heart, honor, life, soul, all upon one stake, that I should be jealous, suspicious, mistrustful; that I should watch the ideal of my love with burning, feverish eyes; that I should deem mine enemy him that would rob me of a glance which should belong only to me; that should lay snares to entrap smiles which are mine alone; that should spread nets for honied words sung with the sweetest music with which human voice ever charmed mortal ear; that I should, moreover regard him as my most deadly foe, who would dare to seize the prize which, by every mortal right I claim to be mine—and mine alone upon earth!"

"Save one!" exclaimed a low, clear voice.

Both Lady Kingswood and Philip Avon started as the tones reached their ears. Lady Maud it was that spoke. She had risen suddenly and turned towards him.

She stood firmly, her arms hanging loosely by her side, and she herself, it seemed, calm and impassible, notwithstanding the painful emotions which were seething within her young bosom—all too young to be the receptacle of so much grief, a grief that must be hidden from all eyes except those of one to whom all things are revealed, and to whom in her bitter agony she had prayed.

"What right is it that is reserved, dear Maud?" inquired Lady Kingswood, putting the question Philip shrank from putting.

Lady Maud raised her eyes to Lady Kingswood, and pointed to Philip Avon. "Mr. Avon has been speaking to you of me, Lady Kingswood?" she said.

"Rather of himself, Maud," observed Lady Kingswood, a little hastily.

"But I am to understand Mr. Avon, that when he is speaking of the one upon whom he asserts that he has set his heart and honor, I am the being alluded to?" she rejoined.

"You are!" cried Philip, impetuously; "and my life for your hand!"

Without seeming to heed the addition he made, she said, as quietly and calmly as before—"I am the prize, therefore, which he declares, by every mortal right, to be his, and I interpose that one right—which perhaps is the only one left him to omit, but yet as the one which belongs to me is insuperable—my consent."

Philip's lips trembled, his eyes flashed fire, and his eyebrows fell over his eyes so as almost to exclude them from sight. "I have already explained away your fancies—a mere girl's fancies, upon that point," he exclaimed, in a low voice, as though he dared not trust himself to raise it.

"They are not to be explained away by reasons which touch not my convictions," answered Lady Maud, calmly but firmly.

Lady Kingswood laid her hand gently upon her arm.

"My darling Maud," she said, in a tone of surprise; certainly she regarded Maud with wonder. That Maud should assert a right to think for herself, even in the choice of one to whom for life she must link her happiness, filled her with surprise! The right of the head of the House to dispose at least of the hands of the female branch in marriage, was a point she never questioned. She was quite conscious that Cyril's heart had not been won by Eleanore Cotton, but she never doubted that as Lord Kingswood had decided upon the match, Cyril would marry her.

"My beloved child," she continued, in an urgent voice, "obedience is your first duty, remember that Lord Kingswood—"

Maud disengaged herself sharply and suddenly.

"I remember, too," she said, throwing herself up erect, "that I am a Kingswood. That I bear the name of her of our race who knew how to ally death with outrage."

Lady Kingswood fell back in fear. Before her, the very counterpart of the figure in the old library, which but once in her life she had seen, stood Lady Maud. Pale, with knitted brows and compressed lips, she faced Lady Kingswood, the very incarnation of high determination which death might level, but persuasion against the promptings of her heart never.

It seemed but the other day that she was an artless, timid, shrinking girl—a child full of play. As Lady Kingswood gazed upon her now, she could scarcely credit her eyes, she looked so tall, so proud, so majestic.

It was in the unpleasant pause which followed this extraordinary assertion of right by one usually so shrinkingly timid, that Philip Avon interposed.

Although Lady Kingswood could find no words to respond to Lady Maud's startling remark, so like the expression of inspiration, yet he addressed her as though she was about, in somewhat harsh terms, to correct Lady Maud for what she had uttered.

"Let me speak, Lady Kingswood," he said, hastily. "Leave Lady Maud to me, I will woo her and win her in my own fashion.—Although her eyes are blinded to my qualifications, and her heart has not yet opened its portals to receive the smallest tribute of my affection, I do not despair of yet bringing her round to wish to be Lady Avon, and when Lady Avon, to desire to be no one else."

"Though one of a doomed race," muttered Lady Maud, speaking as if soliloquizing, "I am not fated to such a doom as that."

"It is but prophecy for prophecy after all, Lady Maud," responded Philip, "and your remark brings me to one of the objects of my visit." Regarding her earnestly, he continued, "I know the Kingswoods to be a doomed race. In making you mine I willingly accept my share—nay, I defy it. You shall yet see how. It is said that the 'Bad Baron of Kingswood' haunts the Chace; that at times his form appears within it. There is a score of doggerel rhymes in the mouths of the peasantry attaching certain events to his appearance under particular circumstances. For years he has not been seen in the forest, save by a half-witted ruffian who himself haunts the Chace, and lives no one knows how, no one knows where. He has made strange and rambling statements, to the effect that at times, in the dead night hour, when honest folks slumber, and poachers are active, when the moon's beams throw the shadows of the trees to the westward, he has seen a misty form fleeting through and about the alleys and groves in the Chace. Probably, the fellow, ignorant and superstitious, has mistaken his own shadow for the impalpable figure of a phantom. Be that as it may, he certainly has tradition on his side; for tradition, so I believe, Lady Kingswood, asserts that the 'Spectre of the Race' appears in the precincts of Kingswood Hall when some heavy calamity is hovering, ready to fall, over the House of Kingswood. Now, it is roundly asserted by many whose duties take them into the preserves and plantations in the night-time to watch and protect the covers, that this phantom of the doom-dealing Baron of Kingswood, dead three hundred years or more, appeared within the broad glade, and in the obscurity of the narrow alleys of Kingswood Chace in November last."

A half-smothered shriek burst from the lips of Lady Kingswood.

"November last," she repeated, hurriedly, "November, are you sure?"

"As sure, Lady Kingswood," responded Philip Avon, with a vindictive grating of the teeth, "as sure as I am that your ladyship made at that very period an honored guest of one who was said to be singularly like him, one who betrayed a very sanguinary fancy to take my life."

"And who saved mine at the imminent peril of his own," eagerly and emphatically appended Lady Maud, ere he could add another word.

Philip Avon looked at her with an evil eye. She had strangely changed since last they had met, even though on that occasion she had exhibited signs of a courageous and determined spirit. Yet, even behind that spirit he had detected, or fancied he had, a lurking weakness on which, if a pressure were to be applied, the courage and firmness would disappear, and in very fright she would become his.

There was no trace of that weakness now—there was a steadfast, inflexible rigidity in her frozen mien, and withal a defiant aspect, which disturbed him. He, however, quickly re-assured himself, for his natural recklessness and mercilessness prompted the suggestion that he would make her his at any and at all hazards.

With a malignant curl upon his lip, he said—

"Beloved Lady Maud, you have rather surfeited me with those sentiments. I am content to understand that you remember the event to which you allude, and I will not trouble you with the really painful repetition. If you so far extend your gracious condescension to me as to refrain from interrupting me, I will proceed with the subject of my discourse from the moment that you favored me with one of your 'pleasures of memory.'"

Lady Maud turned coldly from him, but Lady Kingswood urged him to proceed, and soon Lady Maud, little as she would a moment previously have credited, listened to him herself with breathless interest.

"I said," proceeded Philip Avon, "that in November last the phantom baron appeared simultaneously with the mysterious *protege* of Lord Kingswood, and what, perhaps is—or, by the way, may not be—remarkable is that the *protege* and phantom disappeared simultaneously. We know why the *protege* fled like a criminal—stay, Lady Maud, remember I said 'like,' and be good enough to hear further before you speak."

This remark was the more insulting as Lady Maud had not by movement or gesture given any indication that she had even heard what he said. She replied, however, to the taunt only by more decidedly turning her back to him.

"From that hour this phantom has not been seen in that wood until *last night!*" he exclaimed with sudden and marked emphasis.

"Last night?" echoed Lady Kingswood, with a startled and affrighted look.

"Last night," repeated Philip Avon; "not an unfitting night for a phantom baron to rove about in."

"It was an awful night," remarked Lady Kingswood, in a nervous under-tone. "The wildest noises prevailed especially in the ancient portion of the Hall. The domestics assert that they were rudely awakened from their sleep by shrieks and groans, the clanging of weapons, and a turmoil which terrified them beyond description. Even I myself was aroused and terrified by—"

Lady Maud turned suddenly, and faced her with an appealing look, which Lady Kingswood saw and instantly understood, and she added—

"What I heard."

Philip had detected the look which passed between Lady Maud and Lady Kingswood. His jealous nature took fire instantly.

"Pray, what did you see, Lady Kingswood?" he interrogated, in a palpably suspicious tone.

"Nothing which ought to have terrified me, Mr. Avon," she rejoined, quickly, "while I heard the roar of the wind, as it forced its way through the forest-trees, which I confess did alarm me."

With an unsatisfied air, he bowed, and continued—

"The assertions of your domestics, singular as they may appear to those who, like myself, are unaffected by superstitious terrors, are confirmed in a strange manner by the statements which have been made to me this morning. I have told you that the phantom re-appeared last night in the forest, and frightened the fellow who saw it out of his wits, for he fled, leaving behind him some weapons and other articles, of which, strange to say, the phantom possessed himself—a fact which was ascertained by the frightened hind who lost them. Some time afterwards he returned for them under an impression that the spectre, satisfied with having scared him, would depart peacefully. His weapons were gone—the unearthly shape had possessed itself of very earthly things. Subsequently the hind, mystified at this occurrence, prowled about the Chace in search of the ghost, in order to demand back his property, but he did not succeed, for the spectral thief disdained to appear and render up what he so dishonestly obtained. As the night wore on, the hind neared the Hall, and was further alarmed by perceiving lights moving in the library—the ancient library, I mean, Lady Maud. I have heard that you are fond of old lore; you, possibly, frequent that ancient receptacle for monkish legends. That light remained there the livelong night, and was only paled out by the dawn. Can you tell me whether it was the spirit of the doomed reading Saxon chronicles, or was it you, Lady Maud, high couraged as I know you to be—who preferred the still night for your hours of study, and only quitted the library when the sun was high, and all the world was astir, bustling and noisy, disturbing and destroying quiet thought?"

Lady Maud, although she strove to appear calm, was perceptibly agitated. She raised her eyes to those of Lady Kingswood, and found them fastened upon her with a searching look of inquiry. Maud dropped her eyes again, and remained silent and motionless. Lady Kingswood remembered that Maud in her sleep-wanderings had returned to her chamber from the direction of the library. She remembered that she had met her but a short time previously issuing from that very chamber with a radiant smile upon her face, and a rosy tint upon her cheek. What did it mean? Could her visit have any connection with the strange story Philip had been relating to them?

Lady Kingswood had a strange misgiving that it might. She turned an ashen white as the thought flashed through her mind. She resolved to question Maud closely upon this point, and to search narrowly into it. But not now. When Maud was alone with her she believed would be the time to probe her heart. Judging her by her own nature, she felt that she would not answer one question which might be put to her upon this most strange and—to her—alarming subject; and, therefore, in the quietude of her own chamber, she believed she might unravel all.

Lady Maud bent a sidelong glance on Lady Kingswood's face, and read what was passing in her mind. Her bosom heaved and fell, the breath came heavily through her inflated nostrils, and her eyelids fell trembling over her humid eyes.

Philip finding that Lady Maud returned him no reply, continued—"*I* am not superstitious, *I* have no weak fancies or foolish terrors; I place my own interpretation upon what has occured, and I will put myself in the position of giving a true reading of the whole mystery. I have already made some arrangements, and I shall at once perfect them, so that I may obtain a meeting with the phantom, whether it be in the Chace or in the old library. I will know his motive for re-appearing, Lady Maud, and he shall know how I will accept and treat it."

Lady Kingswood uttered a shriek, for Lady Maud fell upon the ground with a crash as if she had been made of stone, rigid and lifeless.

Philip rushed forward, and raised her, but Lady Kingswood absolutely snatched her from his arms.

"No, no, no! Not you! Go, go, go, Mr. Avon; I will recover her. Leave me, I will restore her; but it must be alone. Go, sir, I entreat—I command you!"

Lady Kingswood spoke with such stern imperativeness that he was impelled to obey—but he muttered, as he quitted the room—

"It is as I suspected. I will meet the ghost in the wood this time. My hand and eye shall not fail me. I will slay the ghost, and then, Lady Maud, I'll bring you to my feet."

He passed hastily out of Kingswood Hall, and strode across the park in the direction of the Chace.

CHAPTER LVI.

Pharisee, firmly grasped in the arms of the skeleton, fell into convulsions of horror. It has been before stated that he was superstitious; he had a morbidly nervous fear of aught that pertained to death, whether it was the human clay in calm repose shortly after life had departed, or whether it was in the form of the grisly skeleton or the indistinct shape of a spectre.

He had a decided and positive objection to pass the midnight hour alone in a church; he even, under ordinary circumstances, peopled darkness—if he happened to be betrayed into it—with shadows whose fascinations were not of an alluring nature. It would have taxed his firmness sorely to have been kept in a room alone with a coffin without a tenant: he would have trembled with fright to have been shut up at any time for an hour alone in the museum of the College of Surgeons; but to be boxed up in the tight embrace of a ghastly skeleton which gave out a vapor that was not

"Felt not like an odor within the sense,"

alone, and in darkness, was to fill him with a frantic terror which threatened to drive him into a paroxysm of insanity.

There were some sentient thoughts which crossed him in his agony of horror, and they addressed themselves first to the nature and character of the osseous system of the human frame, assuring him that it was a mere collection of bones fastened together, and in itself perfectly harmless; and secondly, to relations he had heard before, in which remorseless and wicked students in surgery had made such bony preparations, and fitted them with machinery, all for the purpose of introducing young, nervous girls to their embrace, in order that they might fall into screeching hysterics, thus affording said students ineffable delight, and ruining the mental powers of the timid girls for life, when in reality there was nothing to fear.

The cold, bony grip, and the scent of the skeleton were in too positive contact with him to admit of calm reasoning, and he therefore continued his shrieks and his struggles, until by accident his elbow touched the hitherto unfound knob, a pressure upon which would open the door of the cell, and open it accordingly came.

One fierce wrench, and he was out of the grasp of the skeleton, upon the floor, while the skeleton itself leaned half out of the cupboard.

"Grinning horribly a ghastly smile,"

as though the recent passage and present result afforded the hideous object the most intense gratification.

Pharisee lay and panted and moaned for a few minutes, and then he raised himself to his knees ruefully. He caught sight of the grinning skeleton as he did this, and as it seemed sarcastically to be inquiring after the condition of his health, he jumped up, flung the closet-door to with a loud bang, and leaned his back against it; although the next instant he leaped away, under the impression that he heard the bony fingers of his horrible carresser scratching impatiently.

He covered his eyes with his hands; he panted and groaned, until he began to feel a little recovered, and then it occurred to him that he had got to make his escape out of this room.

He rushed to the windows—they were barred; he made for the door—but he remembered old Pengreep's words as he closed it behind him when he departed, and he recollected also the unpleasant click of the lock as the bolt shot into its receptacle.

He hammered with both hands on the door, but no sound but the reverberations of his own fists met his ear, and he threw up his hands and stamped about the apartment in wild despair.

Where was Albertina?—she knew of his incarceration. She had a master-key—why did she not liberate him?

He did not doubt her truth to him; in fact, with a kind of faintness, he recalled her anxiety to become his bride. Why, then, did she not come to his rescue?

He called to her in dulcet strains, but she answered not, and then he yelled to her at the very pitch of his voice with stentorian strength, but with no better effect.

At the very moment he was trying to devise some desperate remedy for his desperate position, his eye caught sight of a rope dangling down the chimney and resting on the stove.

He rushed to it and seized it; it was held from above. He turned his eyes up the chimney, and saw a glimmering of light above. Almost at the same moment a gruff, hoarse voice, which he recognized at once to be Albertina's, called down the sooty shaft—

"Below there!"

"My angel," he responded, sending his voice upwards, "I am here—what am I to do to get out?"

"Climb up the chimbley; the rope is tied fast up here," was the answer.

At such a moment as this, and in such a condition as that in which he was placed, what need was there of parley? He introduced himself into the chimney, seized the rope, set to raise himself by hands and knees, and persevered continuously until he emerged at the top, begrimed with soot so completely that not a feature of his face was visible. Albertina, as soon as his head and shoulders appeared, seized him and dragged him out.

He shook himself, and a cloud of soot arose. He gazed around him; he could see half over London. He was upon a flat roof, and the fresh air blew strongly and not unpleasantly, except that it forced the particles of soot up his nose, and compelled him to sneeze violently and continuously. As soon as he could speak, he said—"Let us fly."

"Don't be afraid, ducky," replied Albertina. "We are pretty safe from the hyena here. These are our leads, where I hangs my little wash to dry, though, what with the smoke and what with the blacks, they looks as yaller and smeary when they are dry as if they hadn't been washed at all."

"But I want to get away from this cursed place," cried Pharisee, with a running fire of sneezes.

"So do I, chucky," she answered; "but business is business, that is what Pengreep says, and those are my sentiments. Where's the packet of the Kingswood papers?"

Aye, to be sure, where was that packet? It had gone from Pharisee's gaze, and he had not the remotest notion of what had become of it.

He ran his hands over his pockets and his body.

"I haven't got it," he said, with a mystified expression on his face—that is, upon as much of it as was sufficiently clear of soot to betray any expression.

"That's a lie, my dearest darling!" she responded, with great rapidity and some ferocity. "You snatched it out of my hands just as we heard Pengreep and Mr Ishmael at the door. Where is it? Come, you beauty, no tricks, or I'll chuck you into the street, and say you fell off the roof!"

"But I haven't got it—it dropped somewhere in the room below, when I hid myself," he replied, with a shudder.

"Then you must go back for it, you precious, sweet idiot, you," she responded. "I will help you up again, and take it from you when you get to the top, love."

"No, I'll be dashed if I do!" he cried, with vehemence. "I was locked up with that awful skeleton; that's where the packet is.—I recollect now, that when the frightful object caught me round the waist I dropped it."

"Why, you fool, it's only bones, it won't hurt you," she retorted, and added—"There, there, little pet cherub, run back with you—it won't take a minute."

"Haven't you got a key to the door?" he asked.

"I have, but he has got a secret lock, which he only uses occasionally," she answered.—"He has used it to-day, and I have no key to touch it. Come, tumble down the chimney, will you, dovey!"

"No I won't do it for two hundred packets of Kingswood papers," cried Pharisee. "I would rather fling myself, as you suggest, into the street, and there would then be an end of my woes, myself, and your affianced husband, all together."

"Then you won't go, pet lamb?" she said, exhibiting her fangs at him.

"I decidedly won't, my sweetest angel!" he replied.

"You are afraid, you cowardly dove, you are," she suggested, viciously.

"I admit the weakness, my bride elect no longer; and I positively do not go down that channel, not even to win your fascinating self. Let me go away from this place," he said, making for the outlet to the stairs. She stopped him. "I will go myself," she exclaimed, with emphasis.

"You?" he cried, with amazement.

"Yes," she returned; "but you must help me to get up again."

"I will, my noble Albertina," he cried, eagerly.

Albertina might before have entered old Pengreep's room by this route, or she might not; but it was very certain that she went about the preliminary steps in a very business-like way.

She produced from her capacious pocket—a store-room in miniature—a piece of stout black tape, and tied this round the bottom of her petticoats—she despised crinoline—attaching them rather tightly to her ankles.—She sat on the chimney-stack, swung her feet into the orifice, caught hold of the rope, and said to him—

"You must haul me up—I can't climb well, cherub."

"Call out when you are ready, and I'll pull you up like a sailor does a bucket of water on board a steamboat," he replied, rubbing his begrimed hands with felicity.

He designed to possess himself of the Kingswood papers as soon as his bride elect emerged from the chimney on her return passage, and before she could get upon the leads and divest her feet from the thraldom of the tape, to dart down the stairs out of the house and away.

Albertina drew a long breath, and down she heroically dived.

Pharisee looked down after her, and heard a crumbling and fall of mortar and pieces of brick, which he knew to be Albertina scoring the chimney as she went.

Presently all was still, and he presumed that she was safely in the room. He felt so stifled, and sneezed so violently, that he found it impossible to continue to hold his head over the chimney; he, therefore, coughing, hemming, and trying other modes to clear his throat, awaited Albertina's summons with his mouth perked up heavenwards.

In a few minutes he heard hollow tones ascend the chimney, and he called down—"Are you ready, love?"

To which a hollow voice responded—"All right, hubby, darling. I've got it—haul away."

Pharisee threw out his chest, and laid on to the rope. There was an immense amount at stake on the successful accomplishment of his design. If he succeeded, he secured the papers without "that" wife, while a fortune was in store for him, and his bewildered mind could not fathom what beside. It might else have shown him a servitude in a foreign land, under the inspection of the military, and not distinguished for its honorable character.

He pulled at the rope with a will, but Albertina, was a dead weight, and did not come up quite so easily as that bucket of water of which he had spoken.

Still she came up slowly. He had to rest once or twice, but her voice, which was not improved by the musky atmosphere in which it was exercised, urged him to keep on, and to look sharp.

He tugged away again, and her bonnet rose up, followed by her eyes, visage, shoulders, and the packet clasped with one hand to her breast, while with the other she held on to the line which raised her.

He saw the packet, his jaws wagged, he made a grab at it. But in doing this, he quitted his hold of the rope. The packet disappeared from his grasp, and Albertina disappeared with it.

A shriek rose up, it was followed by an awful rumbling, and a cloud of soot ascended to the skies.

Pharisee sank down exhausted and petrified. He had failed, and possibly killed Albertina.

No such thing, he heard her calls from below, and once more he crawled to the opening, and peered down. He could see nothing, and he was almost instantly blinded and choked, but he heard sounds as of one indulging in passionate expletives, mingled with vociferations to him to haul away again.

In frenzy of desperation he complied, and this time, when Albertina rose, she used both hands, and emerged, clinging to the chimney top, but an awful spectacle. Pharisee could not tell whether her back or front was to him, she was so enveloped in soot.

As soon as she was fairly out of the chimney, she released her legs nimbly, and shook herself. Pharisee was electrified by her appearance, and but for what had happened, could have laughed convulsively at her. He was surprised she did not scold him, and he said, in a deprecating voice, "I am very sorry—"

"There, never mind, my chick," she interrupted, hastily; "you couldn't help it, I know. Now listen to me, we haven't an instant to lose. I will put you in Pengreep's room, and I will go in my own; you must wash and change your clothes: there are plenty of Pengreep's to wear. We can't go abroad, these objects, for if not taken up, we shall be easily tracked. Quick, quick, lovey; our happiness and our fortunes depend upon our getting away from this in a few minutes."

"But the packet," he said, anxiously, for he could not see it.

"Aha!" she chuckled, gutturally, as her throat was lined with soot. "I have it safe enough. Come along."

"With that she seized hold of him, and dragged him on to the staircase, and descending a flight, bundled him into a bed-chamber.

"Look sharp; I don't know one minute from another, now, that Pengreep may not be back."

At that hint Pharisee dived into the chamber, divested himself of such part of his clothing as was necessary, performed a rapid ablution, attired himself, found a pair of spectacles with blinkers, put them on, and descended the stairs just as his Albertina was arising from her grotto.

Albertina had completely metamorphosed herself. She wore upon her head a very large bonnet of the fashion of a remote date, and over it was a thick veil. From her shoulders depended a large black cloak of extensive dimensions; what beneath she wore he could not see, but she appeared at least three times her usual circumference.

"I am ready," she said, with a cackle.

"Your luggage?" he softly suggested.

"I have none but what you see," she replied. "Money, money, money!" she gibbered; "that is in the bank, in stocks, in the funds. I have got the books with me."

"You are such a business-like seraph," he said.

"You naughty child," she responded, "if you don't go, old Pengreep will pop in and stop us."

In a moment Pharisee was on the door-step, closely followed by Albertina, who slammed the door behind her.

"Follow me," she said, in a low tone. "I know the way to take."

Pharisee complied, and she hurried on, turning sharply on her left hand, and then threading with rapidity and knowledge a crowded, complicated, narrow locality.

Street after street she pursued for at least three quarters of an hour. At last she stopped in a wide, open space, where there were many butchers' shops together, and where omnibuses, cabs, and light carts and heavy ones were travelling in various directions.

"There is an old-fashioned inn, where coaches start from, close here," she said, as she paused, speaking in a whisper. "If we stop at it, the waiters will think we have come from the country, dovey, and Peng will never come there to look for us, you know, chick."

"No—o—o!" responded Pharisee, conscious that he was treading on the heels of doom, and at the same time not knowing what answer to make her.

"Another thing, you know, my soul," she continued, giving him a playful poke in the ribs of the same painful character as her previous pleasantry of that kind, "we can take a 'bus from here to Doctors'-commons in the morning, and then proceed with the license to the nearest church to be married."

"Ye—e—e—s!" answered Pharisee, still thoughtful and hesitating.

"Come along, then, my pigeon!" she exclaimed, catching him by the arm, and conducting him towards the inn of which she had spoken.

She entered it, and under her direction, Pharisee called for a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, which were allotted to them. They ordered a tea-supper, as people do who have come off a journey, and were attended by a couple of waiters, who set them down for a couple of sweeps, mother and son, out for a holiday.

They were, however, treated with consideration, because there is a floating notion abroad that if sweeps have dirty money, they have plenty of it.

The morning dawned, gloomy and drizzly. Pharisee had not slept a wink all night. He was intensely anxious to possess the Kingswood papers, which were in Albertina's possession, but he saw plainly that to get them he must marry her. They had talked the matter over very gravely the evening previously, and he ascertained that she had secreted them in some place of safety, but that if oaths were to be relied upon, they would be handed to him the moment the marriage ceremony was over. It seemed to him that he had now gone too far to recede, and that when he had once got possession of the papers, he must give his bride Albertina the cut in the most effectual way he could momentarily devise.

The wedding breakfast was swallowed. Albertina was in high festivity, and dressed smartly, considering the circumstances of her elopement. Pharisee was very sallow, and sad, and thoughtful, but the course of events rolled on inexorably. The breakfast was eaten. They discharged their bill, and were set down by a hired conveyance at Doctors'-commons, having bought the ring on their way. The necessary formalities gone through, the license was obtained, and a ticket-porter, who was active and knowing, conducted them to a neighboring church, where some other couples were about to be tied in the blissful bonds of wedlock.

As they entered the church porch Albertina paused. She held a blue cotton handkerchief to her eyes, and faltered—

"I am about to fling myself upon you, my beloved, my adored chuck. I have lived single and blessed for some years; it is a great hazard, a tremendous responsibility, a lottery, and all that. I know what I have been, I don't know what I may become. You will, my treasure, be fond, be affectionate, be a kind, a true, and faithful, loving husband till death do us part. Won't you, cherub?"

"My beautiful, mine own," he responded, "no ridiculous, infernal doubts at this moment. You will give me the papers, you know."

"My life, they are yours," she responded, with impetuous warmth.

"Hand them to me, dearest," he responded, nervously.

"When the dear little gold ring is on this naughty little finger of mine," she replied. "Then, pet, they are your own."

He groaned and followed her up to the altar, where the ceremony was performed over them and a batch of happy expectants.

Once more they stood in the porch of the church. Pharisee cast his eyes about to see if the coast was clear for a run.

"The papers, love, you know you have sworn to give them to me," he said, agitatedly.

"Shall we not wait until after our wedding dinner?" she said, playfully.

"Not a moment, if there is any value in an oath," he said, in a stern voice.

"My chicken does not doubt his pet wifey?" she said, putting her broad hand upon his shoulder.

"I cannot," he replied, coldly, "when I have got the papers—"

"Oh, dear, you men, you naughty men," she said.

Turning her back to him, she stooped down, gave a tug at something underneath her gown, and produced the packet he so much coveted.

"There," she said; "you mistrustful Jupiter, there they are, they are yours."

"No, THEY ARE MINE!" shouted a voice in their ears, as the packet, snatched out of Albertina's hand, disappeared.

They looked up and beheld old Pengreep glowering down upon them like Mephistophiles.

He showed his teeth at Pharisee. "Felon!" he cried. "Shall I call a policeman?"

With a yell of despair Pharisee turned and fled with the speed of a deer.

With a shriek Albertina dashed after him, while old Pengreep, thrusting the packet beneath his coat, glided away like a phantom.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LATEST NEWS.

NORFOLK.—It is reported from Norfolk that all the vessels at the Navy Yard, including the ships Pennsylvania, the Columbus, the Delaware, the Raritan, and the Merrimac, were scuttled and sunk, by the United States officers; previous to which their guns were spiked, and all the arms on them thrown overboard. The Navy Yard was then fired. The only vessels retained, with which it was intended to carry away the forces when the work of destruction was complete, were the steamer Pocahontas and the flag-ship Cumberland.

THE BORDER STATES.—The Union feeling is said to be increasing in Kentucky, and a Union Convention is to be called in Western Virginia.

EXAGGERATED.—There were only 160 muskets, about 200 rifles, and 3 cannon taken from the Arsenal at Liberty, Clay county, Missouri, and they were taken only to protect the citizens from the roving band of desperadoes that may attack the county. A bond was given for them, and they will be relinquished when demanded by the proper authorities.

FROM BALTIMORE.—There is a report that the authorities of Maryland have agreed to repair the bridges, and allow free passage to United States troops, probably not through Baltimore, however.

THE COMMUNICATION WITH WASHINGTON.—A route agent, who arrived at the Philadelphia Post-office, on Monday night, says a thousand troops hold possession of Perrysville, opposite Havre-de-Grace, and that troops have been going down all day, and thence conveyed to Annapolis, and that there is no doubt the communication with Washington is entirely open.

Thirty-thousand muskets arrived at New York from the Springfield armory yesterday.

FOREIGN NEWS.—It was rumored that France has sent a frigate to Charleston, at the suggestion of President Davis.

The Magyars have invited Garibaldi to lead them into action, assuring him that half a million of men are all ready. Doubtful.

LIVERPOOL, April 8.—Cotton has advanced ⅛d. Breadstuffs dull. Provisions steady.

The total force now enrolled in Philadelphia for *active* service is said to be 10,000.

☞ There is a blind man on Pont-Neuf, in Paris, who has a placard on his neck which reads as follows:—"Give to-day, for God will return it to-morrow." A joker recently suspended another over it, which read, "I am an old humbug, and proprietor of five houses. Give all your money to the cripple opposite."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ THE FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. *For $5*, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order*.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

THE NEWS.

In Europe, as at home, rumors of wars compose the chief staple of the news. Poland is dissatisfied. Hungary menaces insurrection; while Italy evidently is looking forward to the establishing of her capital at Rome, and to the freeing of Venetia. Drilling, arming, and the manufacture of rifled muskets and rifled cannon seem to be the chief business of the year 1861. Some years ago, philosophers said that the age of war was over, the "good time was coming," and the Millennium almost at the door. The signs appear rather different just now. Great opposing nations and systems of society seem to be of the opinion that argument is about exhausted, and that the question of who has the right and who has the might, must be submitted to the God of battles, and the chances of war. Let us hope that if war should come, in either hemisphere, its horrors will be mitigated as far as practicable by a humane avoidance of all unnecessary destruction of life, by a Christian and chivalrous respect for the persons and property of non-combatants, and by an avoidance of everything of a brutal, savage or licentious character. Let all the fierceness of the soul be kept for the hour of battle, and all its gentleness for the hour of triumph.

GYMNASTICS FOR WOMEN.

We would be among the last to discourage the physical development furore, which is one of the progressive features of the day. It is but restoring the just balance when people flame up with excessive zeal at finding that in pursuit of one good they have lost sight of another more vitally important. Let it work out its whole mission—after muscular Christianity has had its full swing, we shall come back to about the right place between the previous apathy and the present fever. For the cause of truth in general, however, and especially for the benefit of those who have not access to gymnastic appliances, or whose time and money are too precious to give for them, we may be allowed to point out the method of nature, leaving the artificial to those who prefer it. They are not the first who have compassed the earth in search of a treasure which lay all the time at their own hearthstone.

For women particularly their appointed sphere of labor is rich in the best exercises for physical development. Kindly and beneficent from their moderation, and succeeding each other with an infinite variety which no ingenuity of invention can equal, they surpass the devices of men as the appointments of God must always do. Let any one who is competent take a survey of the daily work that goes on in our houses, and then give her candid opinion whether anything could be better than the callisthenics of the house, and especially of the nursery. There is making beds, with the pure uppercurrent of air sweeping through your rooms—that is certainly good for the chest; sweeping has been objected to, but when the house is neatly kept, the operator will not inhale half as much dust as she must take into her lungs during a street promenade on a dusty day; and what could be devised more conducive to a beautiful and symmetrical growth of the arms, than wielding the broom and flourishing the duster? The manner of going to work is very important—if it is dawdled over, the whole good is lost. To win the blessing and the angel-smile of compensation, you must wrestle for it. Try polishing furniture, for instance, not with listless, unwilling hands, but putting your spirit into it, so that it shall be literally in the sweat of your brow, as the Almighty wills that work should be done; if it is not found an infallible panacea for want of appetite, then we know nothing about it. Enough exercises of a similar kind will occur to every housekeeper. Others more distasteful and less obviously beneficial, such as cooking, would lose much if not all of their repulsive character, if they were not so often turned over to ignorant drudges, and the best and easiest way of doing them never found out. Let a lady of intelligence and scientific culture turn her attention to household matters, and the way she will change work into play is as marvellous as any other transformation recorded in story-books of the good fairy with her magic wand. It is impossible to know the best way of doing a thing or the best tools to use, without actually doing it—vigorous action clears up a subject wonderfully in all its aspects. How many families economize by using old and awkward implements, when the best mechanical helps for doing well what the maid bungles over can be purchased with the cost of one week's wages and board! Many kinds of work are dreaded solely because they are ill done. Find out whether it is not so before you condemn them.

Then there is the nursery—a more important post to desert than any other, and perhaps oftener deserted—what a sight for angels' eyes, or any others opened that they can see, is that of a mother hiring nurses for her children, and then sitting at her sewing or embroidery until her health fails, and her physician is called in to prescribe either tonics or gymnastics, according to the degree of his enlightenment! Look at the labors involved in the care of infants and children. Are they not precisely what women are fitted to perform? Their conformation, the work of a wisdom that cannot err, indicates the sphere in which body and soul grow most healthfully. The duties of that sphere do not call for great strength, but for patient continuance, which love makes easy. Begin with the infant. It likes to be walked about, to be danced and dandled in every possible position. The mother complains that this wearies her, and turns over to some Irish help whose heart is not in it, the beautiful series of callisthenic exercises which God himself has marked out for her. Then, drooping from inaction, she gets perhaps a pair of stupid dumb-bells to broaden her chest, help her respiration, and make her strong; when if she would give her baby a daily promenade in the fresh air which is equally good for both, taking care to hold it so that her own posture shall be a healthful one, and avoiding fatigue as soldiers do by stepping to the tune of a lively march, she would put her baby to sleep in the best manner, and get all the benefit and refreshment that mechanical exercise could give her, with a blessing of immeasurable power and sweetness thrown in. What a curious perversity it is to complain of the richest gifts that flow from God's hand—to look upon them with the evil eye of discontent which turns them into burdens! It is a flower-strewn and song-enlivened path which opens out for the mother and her little ones to walk in hand in hand. Let her bless God that she is so favored, and if clouds darken over her and through weakness she is sinking by the way, let her look for light and strength where alone they can be found, and make the discovery how freely and bountifully He can give—the measure heaped up and running over of all that is needful for the discharge of her duties. * * *

THE BIRD'S NEST IN THE MOON

We know not the author of this graceful little fancy, which the reader will find in our columns this week, but no ordinary depth of thought and feeling could originate anything so beautiful and poetical and exquisitely true. At first the comparison strikes one as absurd—in what view of human affairs could we seem as helpless, as exposed, as the bird's nest in the grass? But reading on, delighted with the truth of the fancy, awe-struck that it is truth, the similarity of the cases grows upon us into absolute identity. Let any parent who doubts it, wait till the next pestilence, in any of its manifold shapes, looms up frightfully near, scattering death with every flutter of its black wings. Utterly powerless as he is to shield his home nest, rich in treasures of being dearer than his own life, he feels all the tremors of the bird before an inexorable monster approaching to crush and destroy—feels them, too, as much more intensely as he is higher in the scale of being. True, he knows that God is over all—that His tender, pitying eye never sleeps; yet things are daily permitted which, to contemplate, seem unendurable; perils compass us about, every step of life is trodden amid snares and over pitfalls, at every step some enemy of body or soul is in waiting to destroy. We know that this is God's world—that He will bring good out of evil; yet, for those we love more than for ourselves we tremble; shudders of apprehension thrill us through as the dark vision sweeps between us and the sun, of all the unspeakable suffering that enters into His Providence. What is left us but prayer? God is all—we are nothing: not one whit more will our human strength avail us before impending evil, than the cries and flutterings of the poor frightened bird about her nest in the grass.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Elsie Venner. A Romance of Destiny. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Those of our readers who have followed "The Professor's Story" in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly, and, like Oliver Twist, craved "more" at the end of each number, will perhaps, like ourself, be surprised at the goodly size of the two handsome volumes in which the monthly concretions have taken shape under their new name of "Elsie Venner." Like ourself, too, the reader will probably be tempted to re-peruse the already well known story; the third of those sparkling narrative reflective works of Dr. Holmes, which, taking all by surprise in their brilliant burst upon the public, have since sustained their first prestige so wonderfully, achieving a success and a popularity almost unprecedented.

In calling them "sparkling," we do them an injustice, if the epithet suggests the idea that their wit and liveliness are more essential characteristics than the deeper qualities of which these are the clothing. The sparkle is that of Champagne wine, not of soda water.

The general flavor of the articles in the Atlantic Monthly has always been a local, a peculiar,—in short, a Bostonian one. In Dr. Holmes this flavor attains, perhaps, its fullest perfection. It is a curious product, this Bostonian philosophy; composed, we should say, of layers of Yankee cuteness, high and deep metaphysics, and what is technically called free-thinking. Nearly all the New England literature of the present day tastes of it. We might eat Holmes-pudding with Emerson-sauce, or vice-versa, with perfect congruity. We find, however, in the author of Elsie Venner, and the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, a vast deal more human nature than in the great New England mystic, who, we know, is not so much a *man*, as an *Emerson*—and human nature, let it be never so Yankeefied, is interesting to the world at large.—The world at large, accordingly, is allowed to look and listen. Boston is evidently the audience specially addressed, but New York, Philadelphia, and other outside villages, may come and be profited if they will. As for our country friends, we fear they are hardly counted in. The allusions to "rural population," "fresh-water colleges," "indigenous products," &c., seem to suggest as much. It is perhaps because we belong to the outside barbarians that we are inclined to quarrel with this "I-turn-the-crank-of-the-universe air," and to characterize it by the epithet,—so terrible if justly employed—"snobbish."

The thread of a story upon which the sharp delineation, the subtle thought, the wit, and the sentiment of this "Romance of Destiny" are strung, is a slight, but singular one. Singular especially as embodying the theory of a scientific professor of medicine upon a subject in regard to which we should have expected from a physician, above all others, a sober preference for fact over fancy and theory. No romance of the Arabian Nights is more wildly fanciful than the theory upon which this story is founded.

A young woman, the wife of a New England gentleman, meets in the early days of her marriage with a terrible and fatal accident—the bite of a venomous snake, one of the tenants of the dreadful "rattlesnake ledge," in the mountain at whose foot their home is situated. Surviving it for a few months, she lives long enough to give birth to a daughter, the heroine of this book. She is introduced to the reader in the spring of her womanhood, "a splendid, dark-browed, scowling beauty." With consummate skill her strange peculiarities of person, dress, speech and character are so portrayed as to suggest the idea which grows clearer and more certain with every step of the story, that this strange girl is, like the Lamia of Keats, a serpent-woman;—that the virus of the deadly snake had so wrought in her unborn organization that all the graces, the sweetness, and the goodness of her woman nature are subdued and almost blotted out by the horrid reptile taint that mingles with them all. Love comes to her at last, not with balm and beauty, but with fierce struggles of longing, of hate, and of jealousy. These battling forces wear her life away till at last, on her death-bed,

> "All her falser self
> Slips from her like a garment,"

and her woman-soul, pure, and beautiful, and free from sin, passes from her purified mortal frame.

This sounds like a beautiful allegory. It is really meant for a statement of actual possibility. Even the death of the serpent-nature within her is effected by the strange materialism of bringing her in contact with the leaves of the white ash, considered so deadly to the rattlesnake.

It is not worth while to combat the remarkable idea upon which all this is founded. Writers of scientific and medical repute have given their reasons for disbelief in the popular fallacies in respect to such ante-natal impressions and accidents; and certainly no such farrago of old-wives' fables as is rehearsed in the Professor's letter to Mr. Langdon, was ever brought forward by a scientific man in support of a scientific theory since the days when tales of "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders" were accepted as veritable history.

Much has been asserted in regard to the infidel tendency of this and the preceding works of Dr. Holmes, and their admirers have met these allegations with vehement rebuke of the narrowness and fanaticism that could brand with such a name the noblest philanthropy and the widest liberality. There is a liberality which is tolerant of all religious beliefs because not caring enough about any one to fully accept or defend it, and there really would seem some reason for rating the boasted liberality of Dr. Holmes, which, in the opinion of his warmest admirers, is destined to do such a work in reforming this fanatical world of ours, as in reality only this same wishy-washy and lukewarm article. The idea that one belief is as good as another appears to prevail, from the schoolmistress of the autocrat's breakfast table, who says (we quote from memory) "she never saw a church so low that she could not enter it, nor so high that it could take in all of God," to Dudley Venner, who "saw plainly enough that a generous and liberally cultivated nature might find a refuge in either of these two persuasions, (the Episcopal and Unitarian,) but he objected to some points in the formal creed of the older church. * * * This, and the fact that the meeting-house was nearer than the chapel, determined him to take a pew in the 'liberal' worshippers' edifice." This is certainly a mild way of stating the choice of "a generous and liberally cultivated nature." An earnest Unitarian would not be likely to think it a light thing to assent to the doctrine of a Trinity while his whole soul demanded as the Answerer of his petitions "the Lord who is one God, and beside Him there is no other." Nor, on the other hand, could a fervent Episcopalian, seeking in the Divine Humanity the Saviour mediating between man and the Ineffable, consent to mingle faith with those who speak of Him only as a man among men.

We can afford to find as much fault as we choose with this work, for its brilliancy and power will attract readers and admirers, let it be carped at as it may. Silas Peckham, old Dr. Kittredge, the two hired men, Deacon Soper and the Widow Rowens are too delightful acquaintances for us to be disposed while in their company to find fault with their introducer; and while we are watching Mr. Bernard Langdon deal with the "yaller dog" and his master, or partaking in the festivities of Col. Sprowle's never-to-be-forgotten party, we have no disposition to do aught but enjoy the pleasure which an astute intellect, a wonderful acuteness, if not depth, of insight, and graphic powers of description have furnished us.

If we cannot agree with the enraptured circle of Bostonians who aver that Dr. Holmes has

> "Built himself an everlasting name,"

we think he may well afford to dispense with large drafts on posterity while the treasury of the present is so filled for him with overflowing coin of praise and adulation.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

The Northern and Middle Free States are thoroughly united in the support of the government. The legislatures of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York have voted the necessary men and money by nearly unanimous votes. The 75,000 men called out are probably already enrolled, and a second requisition for as many more expected. Pennsylvania's first call was for 12,500—but it is said that 40,000 will be nearer her quota. The first requisition is already full, but companies are forming in all directions.

The Governors of Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas and Missouri, have refused to order out any troops in accordance with the requisitions upon them. The Governor of Maryland has taken no action yet.

The Convention of Virginia has passed a secession ordinance, the vote to be taken by the people in May.

The President proclaimed a blockade on the 19th of all the ports within the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. The reasons given are the difficulty in executing the revenue laws, and the threatened granting of letters of marque for privateering purposes. The President says:—"For this purpose a competent force will be posted so as to prevent the entrance or exit of vessels from the ports aforesaid. If, therefore, with a view to violate such blockade, any vessel shall attempt to leave any of the said ports, she will be duly warned by the commander of one of said blockading vessels, who will endorse on her register the fact and date of such warning; and if the same vessel shall again attempt to enter or leave the blockaded port, she will be captured and sent to the nearest convenient port for such proceeding against her and her cargo as may be deemed advisable."

The Gosport Navy Yard, in Virginia, has not been seized, as reported, and Com. Paulding says it can be held against the attack of at least 10,000 men. The war vessels at Norfolk and in the stream are fully equipped for defensive measures.

The channel was obstructed at Norfolk by order of Gov. Letcher, it was said. When Captain Pendergrast ascertained this fact, he placed his ships broadside to Norfolk and Portsmouth and demanded that the obstructions should be removed, or he would level both cities. His demand was complied with. [Later advices throw doubt upon this report.]

Kentucky.—A large secession, and a large Union meeting have both been held at Louisville. At the latter, "Resolutions were unanimously adopted, declaring that, as the Confederate States commenced the war with the Federal Government, Kentucky has the right to choose her position, and acknowledge herself as loyal until the Government becomes the aggressor; Kentucky must, therefore, oppose the call of the Government for volunteers for the purpose of coercion, and also the raising of troops here to co-operate with a Southern confederacy, when the acknowledged intention of the latter is to march on Washington; that secession is the remedy for no evils; that Kentucky will not take part against the Federal Government; that she should maintain an independent position within the Union, against the Administration and against the seceded States, declaring her soil sacred against the hostile tread of either; and that Kentucky should be armed, in accordance with law."

Tennessee is reported from Nashville loyal to the Union. Accounts from Memphis are precisely the reverse. Time will make manifest.

Fort Pickens is now said to be garrisoned by 800 men, and that seven vessels of war and transports were lying outside.

Four Ohio regiments are on their way to Washington.

It is said that Jefferson Davis, at the head of an army, is marching on Washington.

The volunteer regiments called out by the United States, number 780 men each.

Various private advices say that the besiegers of Fort Sumter had forty men killed and over one hundred wounded. The Charleston telegraph officials insist upon it that not one was killed.

The Pennsylvania Volunteers.—Governor Curtin has appointed Robert Patterson and W. H. Keim Major Generals, and George Cadwalader, George C. Wynkoop, Edmund C. Willams, and James S. Negley, Brigadier Generals.

At New Orleans active preparations are making for the defence of the city. The city council has appropriated $100,000.

The city Councils of Philadelphia have unanimously appropriated one million of dollars for the purposes of defence, and the support of the families of the volunteers while in service. Large amounts have been contributed all through the North for this latter purpose.

The secession of Virginia knocked the bonds of that State down from 74 to about 37 in the New York money market.

Advices from Montgomery, Alabama, say that the loan of $15,000,000 has been all taken.

Orders have been given to the collectors of New York, Boston, &c., not to grant clearances for any port south of Maryland.

Several of the bridges on the Baltimore and Philadelphia, and the Northern Central Railroad leading to Harrisburg are reported to have been destroyed.

Fortress Monroe, in Virginia, has been reinforced by the United States Government, two Massachusetts regiments of regulars having been landed at that place.

When the United States troops vacated Harper's Ferry, after setting fire to the arsenals, &c., it was necessary to leave four men, who were on guard, behind. It was supposed they were killed, but three of them have since reached Chambersburg; they say all four were taken prisoners but that they escaped, two by crossing the bridge and the other by swimming the river. When they left six or seven thousand troops were there and five thousand more were momentarily expected. The destruction of the buildings was complete.

Fears are entertained that the Marylanders will make a demonstration at Chambersburg, and orders have been sent to Franklin to collect all the arms in that county, and prepare to defend Chambersburg.

Harrisburg, April 21.—A body of 2,000 men were thrown forward by the midnight train to the first bridge on the way to Baltimore which has been destroyed on the Northern Central Railroad. These 2,000 are to be followed by 300 regulars from Carlisle, and by Sherman's battery of flying artillery, and 1,000 more volunteers to-day.

The State Administration will send munitions and suitable small howitzers and field pieces to Chambersburg on Tuesday.

General Cadwalader's residence at Magnolia Station, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, was burned this morning by the rioters. The Brandywine bridge, and all the bridges on the road between the Susquehanna and Philadelphia are guarded by from 50 to 100 men each.

It is stated by officers of the United States army who arrived this evening from Baltimore, that the guns of Fort McHenry were turned toward Baltimore city, but there had been no firing. It is rumored that an attack was to be made upon the fort, which commands Baltimore, and is said to be garrisoned by 600 men.

Reports have been received confirming the invasion of the Pennsylvania Border by a party of Marylanders, who have designs upon the Conowingo Bridge, over the Susquehanna. Detachments are on the way to defend the bridge.

A message has been received in Wilmington, Del., to the effect that prominent men of the Border States have asked for a cessation of hostilities, with the view to another attempt to compromise.

The steamer Louisiana arrived at Baltimore from Norfolk this (Sunday) morning, and brings intelligence that the Federal officers were destroying all the United States property at the Navy Yard, and that the United States steamers Germantown, Merrimac, and other United States vessels, had been scuttled and sunk by order of the United States Government. The Navy Yard was to be burned last night, if not prevented by the State authorities.

The steamers R. Spaulding, of Boston, and the Empire City of New York, reached Old Point Comfort on Saturday night, and left about 1,000 troops at Fortress Monroe.

Concord, N. H., April 21.—Ex-President Pierce made a most patriotic speech last night in favor of sustaining the flag and the Union at all hazards.

Philadelphia Home Guard.—It has been determined to raise ten regiments of 800 men each, as a reserved Home Guard in this city. The citizens of all ages and conditions are volunteering.

The City councils of Wilmington, Delaware, have passed resolutions asking the Governor to call out the volunteers requested, in favor of supporting the Government, and appropriating $8,000. Four companies have already volunteered, one under Captain Bayard.

New Orleans, April 20.—The steamer Star of the West was boarded off Indianola, on Wednesday last by the Galveston volunteers, who captured her without resistance. She has arrived at the bar. She has 800 or 900 barrels of provisions on board.

The steamer Habana has been purchased by the Confederacy, and will be converted into a war steamer, to carry eight guns, in addition to a port gun.

Our foundries are casting guns, shot and shell. Troops continue to leave for Pensacola.

The Attack on the Massachusetts Troops at Baltimore.—Boston, April 21.—The following telegraphic correspondence explains itself:—

Baltimore, April 20, 1861.

Hon. John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts—Sir:—No one deplores the sad events of yesterday, in this city, more deeply than myself, but they were inevitable. Our people viewed the passage of armed troops to another State, through the streets, as an invasion of our soil, and could not be restrained. The authorities exerted themselves to the best of their ability, but with only partial success. Gov. Hicks was present, and concurs in all my views as to the proceedings now necessary for our protection.

When are these scenes to cease? Are we to have a war of sections? God forbid! The bodies of the Massachusetts soldiers could not be sent to Boston, as you requested, all communication between this city and Philadelphia, by railroad, and with Boston, by steamers, having ceased; but they have been placed in cemented coffins and will be placed, with proper funeral ceremonies, in the mausoleum of Green Mount Cemetery, where they shall be retained until further directions are received from you. The wounded are tenderly cared for. I appreciate your offer; but Baltimore will claim it as her right to pay all expenses incurred.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
Geo. M. Brown, Mayor of Baltimore.

ANSWER OF GOVERNOR ANDREW.

To George M. Brown, Mayor of Baltimore.—Dear Sir: I appreciate your kind attention to our wounded and to our dead, and trust that at the earliest moment the remains of our fallen will be returned to us. I am overwhelmed with surprise that the peaceful march of American citizens over the common highway to the defence of our common capital, should be deemed aggressive to Baltimoreans. Through New York the march was triumphal.

(Signed) John A. Andrew,
Governor of Massachusetts.

Kansas.—**Leavenworth**, April 20.—Twenty thousand stand of arms have been furnished to the citizens of Leavenworth from the arsenal at Fort Leavenworth, and the commander of that post has accepted the services of 300 volunteers of this city to guard the arsenal, pending the arrival of troops from Fort Kearney. All is quiet here save the preparation for possible contingencies.

Maine.—**Augusta**, April 21.—The Legislature commences its extra session to-morrow. The Governor will probably recommend the raising of ten regiments, and an appropriation of a million dollars. Whatever he recommends will pass.

Boston, April 21.—A mass meeting was held this (Sunday) morning, and addressed by Fletcher Webster, Charles L. Woodbury, and many other distinguished citizens. The meeting was for the purpose of raising a regiment for Fletcher Webster to command, and was completely successful. The most intense excitement prevails.

Archbishop Hughes, in common with a great number of other private citizens, has suspended the stars and stripes from the windows of his residence. The Pittsburg Roman Catholic Cathedral has raised the flag also. The Catholic and many of the other clergy of Philadelphia on Sunday, urged upon their hearers the duty of supporting the Government.

New York, April 20.—The United States District Attorney has called on the Judge of the Circuit Court for a special jury to bring to justice parties sympathizing with the Southern Confederacy in this city.

The schooner L. E. Watts has been seized, with a large quantity of arms shipped at Hartford, Conn., for the South.

The Union meeting yesterday was attended by over one hundred thousand people, and there were half a million in the streets. The feeling was of the most enthusiastic character. The flag of Fort Sumter was raised on the statue of Washington. The hand of the bronze statue of the father of his country, grasping the shattered flag staff. The commercial metropolis is a unit for the Union.

The Hon. David Walker, President of the Arkansas Convention, has, in accordance with the provisions made by the Convention, issued a call requiring that body to reassemble on the 6th of May.

The Steamers.—The coming California steamers are well armed.

The government has taken control of the telegraph in New York and other places. No ciphers allowed.

A Recommendation.—All the counties of Pennsylvania, especially the southern counties, are advised to form Home Guards for local defence, enrolling, drilling and arming, as far as possible, their entire able-bodied population.

Kentucky.—*Louisville, April 20.*—Ex-Vice President Breckinridge addressed a large audience at the Court House this afternoon. He denounced President Lincoln's Proclamation as illegal, saying that he could not make his 75,000 men efficient till after the meeting of Congress. He proposed that Kentucky should present herself to Congress on the 4th of July, through her Senators and Representatives, and protest against the settlement of the present difficulties by the sword. Meanwhile that Kentucky should call a Convention to aid her Congressmen in presenting such a protest. Should that fail, the honor, interest and duty of Kentucky unites her with the South.

Governor Magoffin has not called a special session of the Legislature on the 29th inst., as reported in our newspapers. The proclamation has been drawn up, but not issued.

A military alliance is about to be formed between Louisville and New Albany and Jeffersonville, Indiana, to preserve a peaceable status between the three cities and to preserve amicable relations in any event. The Home Guard for this city was organized this evening.

Missouri.—The arsenal at Liberty, Clay county, has been taken by secessionists, with 1,300 stands of arms, ten or twelve pieces of cannon, and some powder. The arsenal is now garrisoned by 100 men. Secession flags are abundant in the adjoining counties, and a large secession meeting was held at Kansas City (Missouri) on the 20th.

Departure of the Fleet from New York.—Three steamers, containing the 1,000 Rhode Island regiment, and 2,000 troops from New York city (sixth, twelfth and seventy-first regiments) left New York on the 21st, under convoy of the revenue cutter Harriet Lane. The Ariel will take some Massachusetts rifles and some regulars. Four more steamers have their steam up, ready to sail, and four others have been chartered. It is supposed the whole fleet will rendezvous in the lower bay, and go together.

Troops at Harrisburg.—3,000 there on Sunday—2,000 had left as before stated; 2,000 from Ohio expected by Monday morning. Companies coming in from all directions. Arms sufficient for all.

The Pennsylvania Railroad have stationed armed men every three hundred yards over the dangerous part of the road, with rifles and signals, to prevent interference by traitors.

Western Virginia.—In Western Virginia, and in the west end of Maryland, the prevailing sentiment is reported for the Union, unconditionally.

The Annapolis Route.—The road from Annapolis to Washington is all clear, and the Baltimore Railroad junction is in possession of the Massachusetts troops. The route will be kept open.

Washington.—The capital is now believed to be perfectly secure. Jeff. Davis is at least ten days too late. The Southern facilities for moving troops are contracted. There are 300,000 stands of the best weapons in possession of the Government.

Evacuation of Harper's Ferry.—The 43 United States troops at Harper's Ferry, under Lieut. Jones, evacuated that place on the 18th, at the approach of 1,500 Virginia volunteers. He burnt and destroyed the 15,000 stand of arms, and blew up the buildings. Two of his men were killed, and two deserted. He arrived at Carlisle (Penn.,) on the 19th. The greater portion of the arms at Harper's Ferry, seem to have been removed.

Detention of Railroad Train at Harper's Ferry.—The train going West was stopped at Harper's Ferry, on the 19th, and searched by the Virginia soldiers, who had planted their cannon on the bridge. After some detention the cars were allowed to proceed. The flag-staff, with the Virginia flag, floats over the ruins of the Arsenal, but a piece of the old Government flag still remains.

The flames were not subdued until all the government arms in the armory were consumed.

The rumor was that the Virginia force at the Ferry would march at once for Alexandria, an absurd report having been promulgated that Gen. Scott had resigned, and was concentrating a force at Alexandria *against* the U. S.

Riot at Baltimore.—The sixth Massachusetts regiment, and a portion of Small's Philadelphia regiment (the latter unarmed and without uniforms) were attacked in Baltimore on the 19th. The Massachusetts troops finally fired. Two of them were killed and fifteen wounded. Of the assailants six were killed, and an unknown number wounded. The Baltimore military were called out by the Mayor and Governor. The Philadelphians returned home. The Massachusetts regiment went through, and arrived safely at Washington. Of the Philadelphia regiment several are said to have been wounded. Without arms, not uniformed, and pent up in the detached cars, they were assaulted with volley of stones, pistol bullets, &c. The event has caused a deep feeling, as it was not supposed that unarmed Pennsylvania troops would be assailed in Baltimore.

☞ Suspicion is the virtue of a coward.

Major Anderson at New York.

The Baltic arrived at New York, on the 18th, with Major Anderson, the officers and troops from Fort Sumter, and also the two hundred troops who were sent down to reinforce that fortress.

The men from Fort Sumter are 39 laborers in the engineer force, and about 70 soldiers of companies E and H, first regiment of artillery.

It is distinctly stated by Major Anderson, and by every officer who returned with him, that he did not "surrender" Fort Sumter, but evacuated it upon his own terms, and did so under more favorable and honorable circumstances than the commandant of a fort so situated ever evacuated before.

Before Sumter was evacuated the inside of the fort was completely burned out—the powder had all been removed from the magazine and thrown into the harbor to prevent an explosion, which would have killed every one in the fort—the last guns fired from Sumter were worked by men with wet handkerchiefs over their faces, so intense was the heat—there were but three gun cartridges left in the fort—there was no bread, and but little pork left for provision, and the firing ceased simply because there was no more powder to fire with.

We take the following from Captain Doubleday's statement:

"The fire was opened on us from every direction, including a hidden battery. The fire opened with a volley of seventeen mortars, firing ten inch shells and shot from thirty-three guns, mostly Columbiads.

"We took breakfast, however, very leisurely. The command was then divided into three watches, each under the direction of two officers. After breakfast they immediately went to the guns and opened fire on Fort Moultrie, Cumming's Point and Sullivan's Island. The iron battery at Cumming's Point was of immense strength, and most of our shots glanced off.

"Major Anderson refused to allow his men to work their guns on the parapet, on account of such a terrific fire being directed against that point.

"There was scarcely a room in Fort Moultrie left inhabitable. Several shots went through the floating battery, though it was but little damaged. Two guns on the iron battery were dismounted.

"On Saturday the officers' quarters caught fire from the shell, and the main gates were burnt. The magazine was surrounded by fire, and ninety barrels of powder were taken out and thrown into the sea. When the magazine was encircled by fire all our materials were cut off, and we had eaten our last biscuit two days before.

"Men had to lie on the ground, with wet handkerchiefs on their faces, to prevent them from smothering, and a favorable eddy of wind was all that saved our lives.

"Our cartridge bags gave out, and five men were employed to manufacture them out of our shirts, sheets, blankets, &c.

"It will take half a million of dollars to repair the interior of Fort Sumter. Most of the enemy's shot was aimed at our flag."

The following is the conversation which took place between Major Anderson and Col. Wigfall.

Wigfall.—Gen. Beauregard wishes to stop this, sir.

Anderson only replied—Well? well?

Wigfall.—You've done all that can be done, and Gen. Beauregard wished to know upon what terms you will evacuate the fort.

Anderson.—Gen. Beauregard is already acquainted with the terms.

Wigfall.—Do I understand that you will evacuate on the terms proposed?

Anderson.—Yes, and only on those.

Wigfall then returned.

Ten minutes after Col. Chesnut and others came from Beauregard, asking if Major Anderson wanted any help, and stating that Wigfall had not seen Gen. Beauregard for two days, and had *no authority for his demand upon Anderson.*

Major A. replied—Then we have been sold. We will raise our flag again.

But they requested him to keep it down until communication was had with Beauregard.

The firing was ceased, and three hours after another deputation came to the fort. The terms previously decided upon were then agreed to.

Fort Sumter has not been reinforced on any occasion.

The Baltic arrived off Charleston on the morning of Friday, after the firing on Fort Sumter commenced. The Pawnee and Pocahontas arrived on the next day. The Powhatan and Atlantic have not been seen. The steamtugs have been blown to sea, and have not been seen.

During all the while the fleet was off Charleston a heavy gale was blowing.

On the day that Major Anderson evacuated, preparations had been made to reinforce him that night.

A schooner was seized, and an agreement made to pay the pilot and captain $500 to put the men in the fort, but the fort was evacuated before an attempt could be made.

Captain Fox had instructions to attempt to provision the fort without troops, and if he was fired on he was to rush in in the best manner he could, but the gale prevented the arrival of the tugs and transports.

Anderson's Loyalty.—Major Anderson's brother officers express the deepest indignation at the aspersions which have been cast on their brave commander.

Both the Major and his command show the careworn effects of their gallant defence.

The following is a copy of Major Anderson's dispatch to the Secretary of War:—

Sir—Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge wall seriously injured, and the magazine surrounded by flames and its door closed from the effects of the heat—four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted the terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, being the same as were offered by him on the 11th inst., prior to the commencement of the hostilities, and marched out of the fort on Sunday afternoon, the 14th inst., with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away the company and our private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

Robert Anderson,
Major of the First Artillery.

Major Anderson and his men were received with great enthusiasm in New York city—crowds of thousands testifying their admiration of his patriotic conduct.

New York, April 19.—The U. S. steamer Pocahontas has arrived from Charleston. Her officers report that she did not arrive off Charleston bar until only an hour previous to the evacuation of Sumter.

A Nurse Corps.—A lady of this city suggests "that the women of Philadelphia form a company of nurses, to be known as the Philadelphia Union Nurse corps, and that they tender their services to the Secretary of War, holding themselves in readiness to go to any part of our country, whenever they are required by Government, to perform any duty that may be required of them. Ladies desiring to join the corps will please call at 738 Race street."

☞ There is a woman in Iowa so homely that they won't allow her to travel on the railroad for fear she will frighten the locomotives.

ANECDOTES OF SUVAROFF.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

Alexander Vassilievitch Suvaroff, surnamed Rhymnitsky, born in 1729, was the descendant of a Swedish nobleman, naturalized in Russia, during the reign of the Tzar Michael.

In 1749, Suvaroff happened to be on guard at the country palace of Peterhoff, when the reigning Empress, Elizabeth, suddenly appeared on one of the walks near him. Suvaroff, without delay, presented arms. The Empress admired the enchanting view of the open sea, and then, turning her attention to the youthful guard, she said:

"What is your name?"

"Alexander Suvaroff, may it please your Majesty."

"Art thou any relative to my faithful servant, General Suvaroff?"

"I am his son, your Majesty."

"I congratulate you, my friend, for having such a father. Try to follow in his steps, and serve me with equal zeal and fidelity, and I will not forget you."

"Happy to do my best, your Majesty," answered the youth, with emotion.

"And here is for thee a ruble," said the Empress, offering him a silver coin.

"All-gracious sovereign!" replied the young guard, "it is forbidden to the soldier to receive money while on guard."

"Ah! young man," replied the Empress, smiling; and then patting him on the cheek, and allowing him to kiss her hand, she added: "Thou, I see, knowest thy duty. I will leave the money on the ground. Take it when thou art relieved."

Suvaroff again presented arms, and with looks of joyful gratitude, watched the form of the departing Empress. When relieved, picking up the coin, he kissed it; and resolved to preserve it as a precious pledge of his sovereign's gracious notice. The next day, the private, Alexander Suvaroff, was sent for by his general, before whom he appeared.

"I congratulate thee, Suvaroff," said the general, "I have just received an order from the Empress to make thee corporal. Continue to serve as thou hast done till now, and thou wilt not remain without reward."

In the very beginning of the reign of Catharine the Second an occurrence took place which drew upon Suvaroff the particular attention of his sovereign.

When commanding the Souzdal regiment of foot, he built at Ladoga, at his own expense, a school-house for soldiers' children; and, in this school, he was himself the teacher of arithmetic.

Suvaroff was earnestly desirous of giving his soldiers a lesson in taking a place by storm; and, for this object, at the season for manoeuvres, he resolved to carry by assault a monastery that happened to be situated at no great distance from his quarters. With his peculiar rapidity of combination, he laid down the plan of the assault; disposed his forces, attacked the monastery, and carried it. The circumstance naturally occasioned much remark, and eventually reached the knowledge of the Empress. She expressed a wish to see the strange mortal who had distinguished himself in so novel a manner, and she received him with extraordinary favor.

It was from this time that the shrewd sense of Suvaroff led him to feel that, according to established forms, he might remain long unnoticed in his career; and he therefore, encouraged by his success on this occasion, assumed from policy a mark of sportive eccentricity, which accordingly appears, more or less, in all his subsequent proceedings and conduct.

An example is afforded on the occasion when, without orders from his superior officer, General Weimar, he sallied from Lublin against the great Polish hetman, Oginsky. On taking this step, he simply wrote to Weimar:

"The match is at the gun, and Suvaroff's in the field;" and at the head of only one thousand men, he defeated Oginsky at Stolovitcha, dispersed the confederates, and reduced them to submission. He then, through Brest, returned to Lublin, having pacified Lithuania, and deprived the confederates of their last hopes of raising disturbances in that province. General Weimar removed him from command, and ordered him to be tried by court-martial. Suvaroff observed:

"Judge me, and punish me, if you will; but for all that, Oginsky is crushed, and Lithuania is quiet."

Catharine the Second relieved him from his trial, and sent him the order of Saint Alexander Nevsky.

During the second Turkish war which was carried on by Russia in alliance with Austria, a numerous Turkish army, under the command of the Grand Vizier, by having skillfully covered its movements, succeeded in surprising the Austrian forces, under the Prince of Coburg. In such perilous circumstances, the Prince was compelled to demand succors from Suvaroff, who, with his division, was at no great distance.

To the messenger dispatched for this purpose by the Prince to Suvaroff, the latter answered:

"I come," and began his march. Immediately on his arrival, the Prince sent to invite him to a conference. The answer was: "Suvaroff is saying his prayers."

The uneasiness of the Prince increased, and after waiting in vain, he dispatched another express, who brought back for reply: "Suvaroff is at supper." The oddity of this conduct astonished the Prince, who, losing all patience, sent a third express, when the answer was: "Suvaroff is asleep."

The truth of the matter was, however, very different. Suvaroff had not thought of sleep. He had betaken himself to the top of a lofty tree, to ascertain the disposition of the enemy. Under the tree sat his adjutant, and some officers of his staff. Till it became quite dark, Suvaroff did not descend from the tree, and when he did so, he observed to his Generals:

"Now, I will begin my business. And if the Prince sends again, let the answer be, as before, 'Suvaroff is asleep,' for if I go to him we shall pass the night in arguing about tactics; we shall not agree, and shall lose time for nothing."

At dawn of day, however, he waited on the Prince, and agreed on the measures to be taken. The Turks, in the meantime, confident of victory over the Austrians, crossed the river Rhymnik, in spite of its steep banks, and began the attack. To their great surprise, they were met by the bayonets of Suvaroff. When it was announced to the Grand Vizier that the forces were commanded by Suvaroff, he refused to believe it, saying:

"It must be another Suvaroff, because the first died of his wounds at Kinburn."

On this day, the banks of the Rhymnik witnessed a most sanguinary battle, in which the Turks were utterly defeated, and Suvaroff himself led the pursuit.

For this victory Suvaroff received the Order of St. Andrew, set in brilliants, a sword of honor, also adorned with diamonds and laurels, with the inscription:

To the conqueror of the Grand Vizier.

He also received a diploma creating him Count, with the surname of Rhymnitsky; and in addition, the Order of Saint George of the first class.

It is well known that Suvaroff insisted on the strictest observance of all military duties by those under his command. On one occasion, at the fortress of Rochensalma, in the island of Kotka, in Finland, Suvaroff had allowed one of his adjutants leave of absence for a few days. The term expired, but the officer did not appear. Suvaroff recollecting him, inquired for him, and hearing that he had not returned, was displeased. The adjutant soon after made his appearance, and his first question was:

"Has the Count inquired for me?"

"Yes, several times," replied his comrades, "and he seems by no means satisfied. If you wish to smooth over your fault, you had better wait upon him without loss of time, and beg forgiveness."

As said, so done.

"Where is the Count just now?" asked the adjutant.

"He is bathing in the sea," was the reply.

The adjutant, in all haste, directed his servant to hand him his parade uniform.—The white pantaloons and high boots, with all other appliances, were soon put on, and in full dress the officer proceeded to his General, bathing in the sea.

Suvaroff, on perceiving from a distance the approach of the returned officer, began to go farther from the shore. The adjutant at once guessed that the Count intended to play him a trick, and without any hesitation as to sparing his parade dress, instantly entered the water, and went straight to his General. Suvaroff saw that the officer had guessed his intention, and went still farther into the sea, and the adjutant still followed him. The water now reached up to the General's chin, but the officer still proceeded.

Suvaroff, at last, seeing that his adjutant was as thoroughly drenched as a half-drowned hen, and that the punishment had been sufficient, stopped, and allowed the officer to come near. The adjutant drew himself up, placed his hand to his casque, and made his obeisance. Suvaroff, smiling at his wetted adjutant, gave him a gentle reprimand, and then dismissed him to his quarters to re-dress himself, and for the future to observe regulations more closely, unless he wished again to bathe in the sea in full uniform.

In the year 1794, Poland rose in arms, at the instigation of Kosciusko. Catharine the Second sent Suvaroff to suppress the disturbances, and to punish the originators. The news of his appointment to the chief command was received by the troops in Poland with transports of joy, and his presence awaited with the utmost impatience. Suvaroff arrived in a common kibitka, or covered sledge; a very plain, but with him a very favorite vehicle. He took up his quarters in a hay barn; bringing with him his usual retinue, consisting but of three persons; the kosak, Ivan, inseperable from his master; the valet, Proshka; and the cook, Meetka. Suvaroff instantly issued his orders, and then, partially closing his eyes, he very distinctly pronounced the words:

"The troops march when the cock crows. March boldly. Regiment after regiment. Let not heads wait for tails. Hurt not the inhabitants."

With this speech he dismissed his hearers. Ivan, the kosak, handed brandy; and Proshka, the dinner, consisting of broth and pudding of buckwheat. After his dinner Suvaroff undressed, and lay down to rest on the hay, over which was thrown merely a mantle of thin blue woollen stuff. He rested not long; but was soon seen sitting on the hay, considering with great attention a map of the country, which was spread out before him. His pocket-watch struck seven o'clock, afternoon. Suvaroff at the sound jumped up, and clapping his hands together three times, slowly sung out like a cock crowing:

"Kickerykikeeh! kickerykikeeh! kickerykikeeh!"

The drums at once began to roll, and the whole camp was quickly in active, but orderly commotion. The tents were rapidly struck, and within a quarter of an hour the entire body of 14,000 men were in full march to deadly battle, rejoicing in their hearts, and full of reliance on the genius of their leader.

Their first achievement was the taking of Kobrin; the next was the defeat of the enemy, at Krupchitza. Suvaroff, on the 22nd of October, 1794, took Prague by storm; and on the 29th of the same month, Warsaw submitted without a blow. The victor rode into the capital of Poland, simply on horseback, in his ordinary uniform, without wearing any mark of distinction, and his dispatch to the Empress consisted but of three words:

"Hurrah! Warsaw's ours!"

The Empress returned an answer equally laconic:

"Hurrah! field-marshal!"

Accordingly, for these services, Suvaroff received the truncheon of a field-marshal, set with diamonds, and an estate with 7,000 peasants, situated in the neighborhood of Kobrin.

TWO WAYS OF MANAGING.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Helen Martin, a spicy little three year old, got out of bed one Monday morning in that uncertain state of mind and body when a feather's weight will turn the scale for happiness or misery, manifesting itself in good or bad humor. The maid began to dress her with an uncomprehending, unsympathetic look and touch that of itself jarred upon the sensitive nerves of the child, and her irritability soon found a pretext for breaking out.

"I want my Sunday shoes!" she cried, fretfully, kicking her feet about; "these ain't pretty."

"You don't wear your Sunday shoes today," replied Rosy, proceeding with her work, not patiently, but doggedly, some sparks of temper already struck out by the child's resistance flying to the ends of her fingers as she held the little feet.

"Get my pretty shoes! I won't wear these!" persisted Helen, her wilfulness gaining full swing from this new impetus, and so obscuring her reason that she really fancied her happiness depended upon having her way. "Naughty Rosy, you shan't dress me!" and her feet were flung about more recklessly than ever, till the maid's head, with all her dodging, was struck by the one she had forcibly shod.

This did not improve Rosy's temper. She refrained from striking the child, because that was not permitted, but she held her fast and put on the shoe with an angry violence quite as irritating as blows, and by the time the stormy dressing was finished and the battle won, ill-humor was master of the field, and poor Helen entered on another day of her little life as unhappy as a naughty child could well be.

Does any parent doubt that this was as unnecessary as it was cruel? Rosy went the way of all unsatisfactory servants, finding, it is to be hoped for the sake of the little ones, some employment better suited to her genius than that of ministering to children, and in her place a gentler spirit was installed. Little Helen was no wiser, nor any less excitable, but the noisy difficulties that had been so frequent, ceased altogether, and she was no longer considered an unmanageable child.—The same causes of commotion occurred as often, but with timely soothing they made but a harmless ripple in the current of peace and happiness. When the freaks of children proceed, as they generally do, from indigestion, or other physical ailment, it is not reasoning they want, but diversion.

"Where's my red dress with the pretty buttons?" said little Helen one morning. "I don't want that ugly thing, Marny."

"Your mamma wishes you to wear this," returned Marny, in a low and pleasant voice, continuing her task as gently as possible. She perceived the child's condition by the intuition of a simple loving nature, and by the same intuition felt the wisdom of turning her attention from the disputed point without loss of time.

"What a funny story that was of little Betsinda dancing before the king and queen! Do you remember who she said were her brother and mother?"

"Tell me, Marny.

"Little lion was my brudder,
Great big lioness my mudder,
Nebber heard of any udder,'

and "she capered away on her one shoe and everybody was exceedingly diverted."

The little girl's quivering lip turned up instead of down, and she burst out laughing involuntarily.

Marny's fingers had all the time been busy, and she had nearly finished, but as the distasteful dress was going on, Helen's grievances came over her again in full force.

"Put on my nice frock and take me to Cousin Annie's!" she cried, with a doleful face and voice.

"Perhaps we will take a walk. What if we should meet a little Betsinda! You know the princess was going to feed the ducks in the royal pond, but the little beggar girl came up and said,

"'Dive me dat bun, me vely hangry.'

"'Hungry! What's that?' said Angelica, and gave her the bun. Then Betsinda began to be merry and capered about, singing,

"I can dance and I can sing,
And I can do all sorts of ting."

By this time Helen was smiling again, and said no more about her dress. Marny's kind face and cheerful voice doing more than her words. It is generally an easy thing to please little children. Try to make them comfortable in body and happy in spirit, and this is often better done by diverting them from a whim than by gratifying it. One hearty laugh may scatter to the winds a whole troop of incipient perversities that were menacing the peace of the nursery. People make a mistake by entering into direct combat with an unreasonable wish. Children don't know half the time what they do want, and are just as well satisfied with the trifle you substitute as the one they were crying for.

These are small matters, but

"Trifles make the sum of human things."

☞ "A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins." "Yes, very pleasant indeed." "Good day for the race." "Race, what race?" "The human race." "Oh, go along with your stupid jokes; get up a good one like the one with which I sold Day." "Day, what Day?" "The day we celebrate," said Jenkins, who went on his way rejoicing.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF KYDD,

THE PIRATE.

In the fifth, and unhappily, the last volume of Macaulay's History of England, which has just appeared, there is a sketch of Kydd, the pirate, whom the historian names William Kydd, though he is known to readers of the "Lives of Buccaneers" as Robert Kidd, under which name he is also immortal in the famous ballad commencing, "Oh, my name was Robert Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed."—Macaulay introduces this story of Kidd to show the acrimony of party spirit against Somers—the head of the Whig administration, under which Kidd had received his commission—who was accused of using the Great Seal for the purpose of plundering commerce through this agent.

"In 1695, Richard Coote, Earl of Bellamont, an Irish Peer, who sat in the English House of Commons, was appointed Governor of New York and Massachusetts. He was a man of eminently fair character, upright, courageous and independent. Though a decided Whig, he had distinguished himself by bringing before the Parliament at Westminster some tyrannical acts done by Whigs at Dublin, and particularly the execution, if it is not rather to be called the murder of Gafney. Before Bellamont sailed for America, William spoke strongly to him about the freebooting which was the disgrace of the colonies. 'I send you, my lord, to New York,' he said, 'because an honest and intrepid man is wanted to put these abuses down, and because I believe you to be such a man.' Bellamont exerted himself to justify the high opinion which the King had formed of him. It was soon known at New York that the Governor who had just arrived from England was bent on the suppression of piracy, and some colonists in whom he placed great confidence suggested to him what they may perhaps have thought the best way of attaining that object. There was then in the settlement a veteran mariner, named William Kidd. He had passed most of his life on the waves, had distinguished himself by his seamanship, had had opportunities of showing his valor in action with the French, and retired on a competence. No man knew the Eastern Seas better. He was perfectly acquainted with all the haunts of the pirates who prowled between the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Malacca; and he would undertake, if he were intrusted with a single ship of thirty or forty guns, to clear the Indian Ocean of the whole race. The brigantines of the rovers were numerous, no doubt, but none of them large; one man-of-war, which in the royal navy would hardly rank as fourth-rate, would easily deal with them all in succession, and the lawful spoils of the enemies of mankind would much more than defray the charges of the expedition.—Bellamont was charmed with this plan, and recommended it to the King. The King referred it to the Admiralty. The Admiralty raised difficulties, such as are perpetually raised by boards when any deviation, whether for the better or the worse, from the established course of proceeding is proposed.—It then occurred to Bellamont that his favorite scheme might be carried into effect without any cost to the state. A few public spirited men might easily fit out a privateer which would soon make the Arabian Gulf and the Bay of Bengal secure highways for trade. He wrote to his friends in England, imploring, remonstrating, complaining of their lamentable want of public spirit. Six thousand pounds would be enough. That sum would be repaid, and repaid with large interest, from the sale of prizes, and an inestimable benefit would be conferred on the kingdom and on the world. His urgency succeeded. Shrewsbury and Romney contributed. Orford, though, as first Lord of the Admiralty, he had been unwilling to send Kidd to the Indian Ocean with a King's ship, consented to subscribe a thousand pounds.—Somers subscribed another thousand. A ship called the Adventure Galley, was equipped in the port of London, and Kidd took the command. He carried with him, beside the ordinary letters of mark, a commission under the Great Seal, empowering him to seize pirates, and take them to some place where they might be dealt with according to law. Whatever right the King might have to the goods found in the possession of these malefactors, he granted, by letters patent to the persons who had been at the expense of fitting out the expedition, reserving to himself only one-tenth part of the gains of the adventure, which was to be paid into the treasury. With the claim of merchants to have back the property of which they had been robbed, his Majesty of course did not interfere. He granted away, and could grant away, no rights but his own.

"The press for sailors to man the royal navy was at that time so hot that Kidd could not obtain his full complement of hands in the Thames. He crossed the Atlantic, visited New York, and there found volunteers in abundance. At length, in February, 1697, he sailed from the Hudson with a crew of more than a hundred and fifty men, and in July reached the coast of Madagascar.

"It is possible that Kidd may at first have meant to act in accordance with his instructions. But on the subject of piracy he held the notions which were then common in the North America colonies, and most of his crew were of the same mind. He found himself in a sea which was constantly traversed by rich and defenceless merchant ships, and he had to determine whether he would plunder those ships or protect them. The gain which might be made by plundering them was immense, and might be snatched without the dangers of a battle or the delays of a trial. The rewards of protecting the lawful trade were likely to be comparatively small. Such as they were, they would be got only by first fighting with desperate ruffians, who would rather be killed than taken, and by then instituting a proceeding and obtaining a judgment in a Court of Admiralty. The risk of being called to a severe reckoning might not unnaturally seem small to one who had seen many old buccaneers living in comfort and credit at New York and Boston. Kidd soon threw off the character of a privateer, and became a pirate. He established friendly communications, and exchanged arms and ammunition with the most notorious of those rovers whom his commission authorized him to destroy, and made war on those peaceful traders whom he was sent to defend. He began by robbing Mussulmans, and speedily proceeded from Mussulmans to Armenians, and from Armenians to Portuguese. The Adventure Galley took such quantities of cotton and silk, sugar and coffee, cinnamon and pepper, that the very foremast men received from a hundred to two hundred pounds each, and that the captain's share of the spoil would have enabled him to live at home as an opulent gentleman. With the rapacity, Kidd had the cruelty of his odious calling.—He burned houses, he massacred peasantry. His prisoners were tied up and beaten with naked cutlasses, in order to extort information about their concealed hoards. One of his crew, whom he had called a dog, was provoked into exclaiming, in an agony of remorse, 'Yes, I am a dog, but it is you that have made me so.' Kidd, in a fury, struck the man dead.*

"News then travelled very slowly from the Eastern seas to England. But in August, 1698, it was known in England that the Adventure Galley, from which so much had been hoped, was the terror of the merchants of Surat, and of the villagers of the coast of Malabar. It was thought probable that Kidd would carry his booty to some colony. Orders were therefore sent from Whitehall to the governors of the transmarine possessions of the Crown, directing them to be on the watch for him. He, meanwhile, having burned his ship and dismissed most of his men, who easily found berths in the sloops of other pirates, returned to New York with the means, as he flattered himself, of making his peace and of living in splendor. He had fabricated a long romance, to which Bellamont, naturally unwilling to believe that he had been duped and had been the means of duping others, was at first disposed to listen with favor. But the truth soon came out.—The Governor did his duty firmly, and Kidd was placed in close confinement till orders arrived from the Admiralty that he should be sent to England."

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* "This was the William Moore of whom the ballad sings:

"'I murdered William Moore,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
I murdered William Moore,
As I sailed;

"'I murdered William Moore,
And left him in his gore,
Full twenty leagues from shore,
As I sailed, as I sailed!'"

Saving for Old Age.—No one denies that it is wise to make a provision for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is indeed a sorry sight. Yes, save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy, which he will never feel the want of till he is seventy; and then, how much he will want it! It is curious, but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty may intensify the rheumatism of three-score. It is a fact, that overtasking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty, instead of eighty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good with regard to health as to money: waste not, want not. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that any violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, no error. She lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last; and inflicts the punishment just when, just where, just how he feels it most. Save up for old age, but save more than money; save health, save honor, save knowledge, save the recollection of good deeds and innocent pleasures, save pure thoughts, save friends, save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish, nor death take away.

WHEN I LOVE!

When sunshine dances on the plain,
And gilds the ripe and bending grain,
And smiles upon the swelling sheaves,
And peeps between green forest leaves,
And trembles on the flickering grass,
As joyous zephyrs lightly pass,
Oh! then I love thee.

And when the night-veil closes round,
And moonbeams tremble on the ground;
And soft stars light their lamps on high,
And hang them in the calm blue sky:
Then in my heart of hearts I feel,
What day and night alike reveal—
That I do love thee!

American Husbands.—A Yankee editor was requested by his wife to pen a few lines upon their two children, as they lay sleeping in their little bed in the nursery. The ready-witted bard instantaneously delivered himself of the following effusion:—

Our two little children are sleeping here snugly:
Neither is beautiful, neither is ugly.

It was a much more civilized husband who, receiving from his wife her portrait in daguerreotype, lovingly wrote:—

No sunbeam gilding o'er the earth
E'er played a kinder part;
It stayed awhile
To catch thy smile,
When it was won,
Stole lightly on,
And touched thy husband's heart.

☞ There are two pear trees in Brighton which last year yielded an income of forty dollars each in pears.

THE BIRD'S-NEST IN THE MOON.

"Love, on this earth the only mean thou art,
Whereby we hold intelligence with heaven,
And it is thou that only doet impart
The good that to mortality is given.
Oh, sacred bond, by time thou art not broken!
Oh, thing divine, by angels to be spoken!"
—Dray

I love to go to the Moon.* I never shake off sublunary cares and sorrows so completely as when I am fairly landed on that beautiful island. A man in the Moon may see Castle Island, the city of Boston, the ships in the harbor, the silver waters of our little Archipelago, all lying as it were at his feet. There you may be at once social and solitary; social because you see the busy world before you, and solitary, because there is not a single creature on the island, except a few feeding cows, to disturb your repose. I was there last summer, and was surveying the scene with my usual emotions, when my attention was attracted by the whirring wings of a little sparrow, whom, in walking, I had frightened from her nest. This bird, as is well known, always builds its nest on the ground. I have seen their nests in the middle of a cornhill, curiously placed in the centre of the five green stalks, so that it was difficult, at hoeing time, to dress the hill without burying the nest. This sparrow had built her nest beneath a little tuft of grass more rich and thick set than the rest of the herbage around it. I cast a careless glance at the nest, saw the soft down that lined its internal part, the four little speckled eggs which enclosed the parent's hope. I marked the multitude of cows that were feeding around it, one tread of whose cloven feet would crush both bird and progeny into ruin. I could not but reflect on the precarious condition to which the creature had committed her most tender hopes. A cow is seeking a bite of grass; she steps aside to gratify that appetite; she treads on the nest, and destroys the offspring of the defenceless bird.

As I came away from the island, I reflected that this bird's situation, in her humble, defenceless nest, might be no unapt emblem of man in this precarious world of uncertainty and sorrow. We are impelled by some of the tenderest instincts of our nature to form the conjugal connection; we build our nest, committing to it the soft deposits of our gentlest affections. But where do we build this nest? Are we any wiser than the foolish bird? No,—the nest is on the ground of terrestrial calamities, and a thousand invisible dangers are roving around. We are *doubled in wedlock*, and *multiplied in children*, and stand but a *broader mark* for the cruel arrows of death and destruction which are shot from every side. What are diseases, in their countless forms, accidents by flood and fire, the seductions of temptation, and even half the human species themselves, but so many huge cows feeding around our nest, and ready, every moment, to crush our dearest hopes, with the most careless indifference, beneath their brutal tread? Sometimes, as we sit at home, we can see the calamity coming at a distance. We hear the breathing of the vast monster; we mark its wavering path,—now looking towards us in a direct line,—now capriciously turning for a moment aside. We see the swing of its dreadful horns, the savage rapacity of its brutal appetite; we behold it approaching nearer and nearer, and it passes within a hair-breadth of our ruin, leaving us to the sad reflection that another and another are still behind. Poor bird! Our situations are exactly alike. Thy choicest comforts come entwined with pain; and no sooner is thy callow-young developed, than thou feelest all the cares that distract a parent's heart. How often hast thou been driven from thy nest! How often hast thou fluttered thy wings in agony, and taken up the wail of sorrow as if thy children were already lost. The other evening I walked into the chamber where my children were sleeping. There was Willie with the clothes half kicked down, his hands thrown carelessly over his head, tired with play, now resting in repose; there was Jamie with his balmy breath and rosy cheeks, sleeping and looking like innocence itself.—There was Bessie, who has just begun to prattle, and runs daily with tottering steps and lisping voice to ask her father to toss her into the air. As I looked upon these sleeping innocents, I could not but regard them as so many little birds which I must fold under my wing, and protect, if possible, in security in my nest. But when I thought of the huge cows that were feeding around them; the ugly hoofs that might crush them into ruin; in short, when I remembered *the bird's-nest in the Moon*, I trembled and wept. But why weep? Is there not a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow? It is very possible that the nest which I saw was not in so precarious a situation as it appeared to be. Perhaps some Providential instinct led the bird to build her fragile house in the ranker grass which the kine never bite, and, of course, on which they would not be likely to tread; perhaps some kind impulse may guide that species so as not to tread even on a bird's nest. There is a merciful God, whose care and protection extend over all His works, who takes care of the sparrow's children and of mine. *The very hairs of our head are all numbered.*

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* Moon Island, in Boston Harbor.

A Good Rule.—Amos Lawrence writes in his Diary:—"I adopted also the rule always to have property, after my second year's business, to represent forty per cent. at least more than I owed; that is, never to be in debt more than two and a half times my capital. This caution saved me from ever getting embarrassed. If it were more generally adopted, we should see fewer failures in business. Excessive credit is the rock on which so many business men are broken."

☞ "It is astonishing," says Carlyle, "how long a rotten thing will hold together, if you only handle it carefully."

FANNY.

Fan's a flirt, and well she knows
  That her smile is so bewitching,
As she sits, and sings, and sews,
  That I love to watch her stitching;
That my glances love to linger
On each tiny little finger,
  As the flashing needle flies
In and out, and out and in,
  Followed by a pair of eyes
  Bluer than the summer skies;
And she doesn't care a pin
  For the love she knows I bear her—
Says that I am always seeking
  For a merrier, and a fairer;
And while tenderly I'm speaking,
  She is laughing,
And to every earnest word,
Vows she ne'er such nonsense heard,
  And I'm "chaffing."
Certes, it will never grieve her
When I say farewell, and leave her;
  Other men
Will fall victims, and surround her,
And when faithless they have found her,
  They again
  Will depart.
But not one, I'm very certain,
Will have lifted up the curtain
  That conceals her heart:
Some will love, perchance, as madly
  As I did—but will they too
Say farewell to Fanny, gladly
  As I mean to do?
Never, when my leave I'm taking,
Shall I let her see the aching
  At my heart—
Never, at the hour of parting,
Let her know of all the smarting
  Of the dart
Cruel love has planted in me—
How no other maid can win me,
  Though she be
Fairer than the summer morning,
When bright Phœbus is adorning
  All the earth, to see
The bridal of the blushing May with June—
When the flowers wear colors brighter,
  And with richer scents delight her,
And merry sing the birds in sweetest tune.
Fan's a flirt, and I must go
  Far away, and her forget—
But no, no, no!
  It mustn't be just yet.
Do nothing in a hurry, is my rule;
  Truth to tell you, I must say,
  I can't tear myself away.
Fan's a flirt, and I'm—a—miserable fool!

HENRY CLARKE.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

Zanga. You have been much abused.
Alonzo. Abused? By whom?
Zanga. To know were little comfort.
Alonzo. Oh, 'twere much.
Zanga. Indeed!
Alonzo. By heaven! Oh, give him to my fury!
Zanga. Born for your use, I live but to oblige you.
Know, then, 'twas I! —*Zanga.*

While affairs were progressing thus unsatisfactorily with the bride and bridegroom, the little town of Shirley, as well as the surrounding county, were in a state of excitement and confusion, more easily imagined than described.

Since the extraordinary scene at the Court three days before, no one in that quarter of the West Riding had known what it was to eat, drink or sleep in peace, for from the first thing in the morning until the last at night, the *ci-devant* Count and brilliant Miss Shirley, either separately or together, had been the one theme of conversation, speculation and wonderment.

Pleasant, indeed, must the misfortunes have been which gave every one so much to talk about—stirring up the stagnating waters of gossip in each homestead in the Riding—and improving beyond conception the scope for their imaginative powers, which the tale itself afforded.

But constant trotting will wear even a hobby to death at last, and the wonderful and authentic histories of all concerned in the Shirley affair stood in some danger of being exhausted, when, happily, a new event occurred, which not only resuscitated the dying flame of gossip, but wonderfully replenished the store whence it arose.

It was late in the afternoon of the third day after Orsini's arrest, that a man, attired, or rather disguised, in a large Spanish cloak and sombrero, applied at the small temporary prison where, until he could be sent to York, the *soi-disant* Count was confined, and demanded an interview with him.

"You have an order, of course, sir?" said the man in office, not very cordially, in answer to the unusual request.

"No," was the abrupt reply.

"Then it is impossible to admit you."

"My good friend, nothing is impossible to a resolute man."

"Very like, sir—I'm sure I don't know.—I'm no ways given to speckilating: I only knows my dooty, and I intends to do it. No one is to see the pris'n'r without an order."

"You must make an exception in my favor."

"Couldn't, sir, for the King hisself."

"Indeed! good officers like you should have more discretionary power than that."

"May be they should; and a many o' my mates 'ud like it well enugh, I dessay; but for my part, I'm better satisfied that things should be as they is. It's a deal easier obeying a straightforrard order than thinking for yerself, an' gettin' into no end o' bothers by it."

"Perhaps so. You are less ambitious than I should have expected: but now, as I am rather pressed for time, oblige me by reading this, while I make a little note of something I wish to remember."

And taking out a pocket-book, the stranger hastily tore from it a leaf, drew thereupon a figure, wrote a line or two, and with a few careless words, handed it to the official.

The man took it with a kind of suspicious wonder; but in an instant, as soon as his eye fell upon the pencilled sentences and hieroglyphic sign, a change, as sudden as that in tropical lands from bright day to intensest night, came over him. The ruddy face became white and ghastly, the strong limbs trembled, and the easy, self-possessed, and rather insolent manner, vanished entirely.

With cold, unpitying eyes, the stranger watched the change, and then said, in a stern voice,

"If you are satisfied, show me the way up stairs."

With lagging steps, as if the warm blood in his veins had been suddenly chilled to ice, and the limbs consequently were half-paralyzed, the gaoler turned to obey; but ere his foot rested on the first upward step, a slight, well-built young man, of about twenty-two or three,—nominally an assistant, but really a suitor to Alice Grinder, the gaoler's sister, exclaimed,

"It doesn't seem to me, master, as you admit this here gentleman altogether of your own free will; an' if that's so, only you say it, an' I'll stick by yer, an' see fair play."

"*You!*" said the new comer, scanning the speaker from head to foot, and letting his eyes rest contemptuously upon the flushed features and youthful figure before him.—"You see fair play! Why, you chattering blockhead, what business is it of yours to interfere? If I chose to dispute it, and you ventured to meddle, even by so much as a look or whisper, I would crush you in my hand!" and he held the sinewy member forth, clasping and unclasping it, "as easily as a fly!"

"Would yer? P'raps you'd like to come and try it on!"—and the young man threw himself into a most unscientific boxing attitude.

"Hush, hush, Sam! it's all right!" interposed Grinder, hastily. "I know what I'm about."

"Hexcuse me, if I doubts it. Yer all of a shake, like a tree in a wind, as if yer'd got one of them bad fits a-comin' an' don't rightly know how to manage yerself. Let me settle it!"

"I must settle you first, I see, or there will be no peace," said the visitor, coolly. "There, take that, and lie quiet until you learn better manners!" And without any apparent exertion of strength, the speaker seized Sam by the collar, and flung him against the floor; then, addressing the other, continued, sharply: "Come; am I to be kept here all day killing gnats?"

"Oh, no, no, sir; please to go up!"

"Lead the way, then;"—and sorely against his will, the trembling gaoler was obliged to pass on first, his tyrant following three steps at a time.

At a strong door on the top of the stairs the man stopped, unlocked the portals and threw it open saying, as he did so,

"A friend to see the prisoner."

Without further parley or introduction, the stranger entered, then turned to his guide, and said,

"You may go now; but return again in an hour. I shall want you."

The keys shook and jangled in Grinder's hand; but he departed silently, and the prisoner and his visitor were alone.

"May I ask," began the former; but ere he could proceed further, he was interrupted by a discordant laugh, and dropping the shrouding cloak, and casting off the wide hat, Pietro, the valet, stood face to face with his master.

"Ha!" cried the latter, quickly, a gleam of pleasure darting through his small, deep-set eyes. "You are come at last. I thought you had all deserted me."

"It is only rats which leave a sinking ship."

"True; or friends."

"You are right; *or friends.*"

The man laid a strange emphasis upon the sarcastic phrase he thus repeated, and his companion looked doubtfully upon him; but ere he could make any remark, the valet resumed, glancing round with a shrug,

"Not very comfortable quarters these, I'm afraid."

"Not particularly; but I suppose you have come for some other purpose than to tell me what I know already."

"Yes; but we have plenty of time, and it seems scarcely friendly not to take note of your comforts."

"Confound your friendship; talk of something more interesting; tell me something of what has happened since I was caged here. Is the castle safe?"

"No; cleaned out from end to end."

"What? Not the vaults?"

"Yes, every inch of them; and the officers coming down upon us so suddenly, there was no time to carry off a single article. At one haul they swept off the spoils of years."

"Fire and furies!" thundered the listener, starting to his feet with flashing eyes. "And where were you and that fool Andreas, when this was done?"

"Your memory seems of the shortest to-day. Have you forgotten that he drew out weeks back, directly after your fair bride and her party left the castle, and went to Italy?"

"And you, sir—you?"

"Me? Oh, I was there."

"And did nothing?"

"What was I to do?"

"What? Why, show fight; proved on the meddlers' bodies what stuff men like us are made of; or, if overpowered by numbers, and hunted to a corner, have blown them, the castle and yourselves, into the air! What do, indeed!"

And drawing himself to his full height, the lawless speaker, instinct with the dauntless courage which, had it been well employed, would have raised him into a hero, looked down upon his comrade with a brave man's scorn.

The latter, however, did not wince, but answered coolly,

"And if I had done so, what the better should we have been? We couldn't have saved the things: if we could, there would have been some sense in fighting; but to lose our lives only to have the pleasure of blowing away other people's, would have been folly."

"But is revenge worth nothing?"

"That is a strange question to ask *me!*"

"Is it? Has the lackey spirit so thoroughly possessed you, that even the memory of manhood is gone? Pity that I had not known it earlier; I might have been wiser than to leave you in charge of that which you wanted courage to defend. But now, if you cannot fight, you can talk. Give me some particulars of the affray. How came the officers to find the hiding-place so readily?"

"Ask them."

"I may do so some day: now I ask you."

"And I decline to answer."

"Ha! there was a traitor in the camp! You know it, and him!"

"Possibly."

"And kept his counsel! Coward and villain, it would be too merciful a punishment to lay you dead at my feet!"

"For what? For refusing to betray a comrade to certain death?—for—"

"You drew out your share a month ago—invested it," interrupted the prisoner, rapidly—"and have lost nothing. I see it all! Fool, fool that I was! *You are the traitor!*"

"Even so."

"And you dare, while I am yet alive, with my hands free, come here and tell me so!"

"What should I fear? There is no convenient sea-tide here, in which to hide an awkward deed, and save the doer from hanging!"

A minute's silence followed this daring speech—for the prisoner, taken thoroughly by surprise at the cold, deliberate insolence of his late servant, almost slave, could not command himself sufficiently to answer; but after a pause, his eye never turning from the equally unblushing face before him, Orsini said slowly,

"If this is true, and you are not mad, which it would be charity to believe, what brings you hither now?"

"To tell you of what I have done."

"And own yourself the most treacherous, cowardly viper that crawls uncrushed between earth and heaven!"

"Your words are hard, but safer than your blows; and it is natural that you should feel angry at the loss of ten years' hopes and labor. It would deprive my vengeance of half its zest, if you did not writhe under it."

"Your vengeance! What mummery is this?"

"You deem me too mean a thing to indulge in such a luxury; but even the worm feels it, when it rears again its trodden head, to sting the heel that fain would crush it."

"Bah! talk not your book trash to me. Who has crushed you, or would think you worth the crushing?—although, as it seems, it would have been well had I done so years ago!"

"You did your best; but, in spite of all, I lived on to revenge myself."

"For what, braggart, what?"

"Wrongs, insults innumerable. Shall I repeat them?"

"As you will."

"First, then, have you forgotten how, ten years since, in one of your earliest, most lawless meetings, you struck a man dead at your side—the blood from his wound bespattering your very face and hands, as if to bear witness against you?"

"Perfectly. He had broken the laws he had sworn to obey, and met the fate his crime deserved at my hand."

"He had broken no law—only refused to take part with the strong against the weak. He was a new recruit, had not lost quite all his boyish generosity, or he would have been wiser than to prate of justice or chivalry, to such an assembly."

"'Tis a pity he had forgotten the *practice* of such poetic virtues, and incurred penalties he could not evade, and which the justice you talk about made it necessary he should suffer. But what is he to us now? Why have you unburied his memory?"

"Because it ever lives in mine. *He was my only brother.*"

"Impossible!"

"True; and in his murder you learn the first wrong I have to revenge."

"You never told me of this, or said one word, when, as I well remember, you helped to bear the body away."

"I know it: it would have been dangerous. That death taught me a useful lesson."

"So it appears; you are an apter and more retentive pupil than I thought. And now what other long-hoarded wrong have you to tell of?"

"This!" And Pietro snatched his vest open and bared his breast, on which a white seam was visible. "Do you remember this? A hair's breadth further to the left, and I should have shared my brother's grave! And *I* had broken no law."

"No; I was to blame there. I was maddened with treachery, where most I had placed my trust, and in my fury knew not what I did. But I made reparation—frank and ample—and you accepted it."

"Seemed to do so."

"But did not?"

"No; for although I could have forgiven the blow, the means you took to wipe it out and compensate for its degradation, doubled the insult."

"How?"

"How? Why, by making *me*, your comrade and equal, your lackey—your dog, to fetch and carry—your smooth, dainty body-servant, whose place was thenceforth to be French maids, and English footmen, and his highest aim a cast-off coat!"

"You chose the post—rendered necessary by my plans at Shirley."

"I did—to ruin them."

"You have succeeded; be content."

"I am."

"Go, then; your presence offends me."

"For all that, you must bear it a while longer. The gaoler gave us an hour, of which the quarter is not spent. You cannot reasonably grudge me so short a time to relieve my mind of that which has so long burdened it, and judge for myself of the aspect you will wear, when, unmasked by my hand, you appear before the world the murderous tyrant, the shameless hypocrite I know you to be!"

"Coward, as well as traitor!" cried the prisoner, with bitter contempt. "Does it not shame the very memory of manhood, that you dare to say to me, here, and now, what you would not, for your life's sake, have even whispered had I been free? Miserable, petty villain, to hide wrongs in your venomous soul you dared not resent; and, beggar-like, grasp and hoard up gifts and wealth, which, without me, you could never have possessed; and now, in my hour of helplessness, flaunt them before my eyes, and insult me thus!"

"You scrupled not to insult me."

"Not deliberately—brutally. The blow I struck I *paid* you for, and deemed it forgiven and forgotten; and for the servantship, you chose the office."

"Ay—but why? I am a pupil of your own teaching, and the oldest lesson I remember was, 'Never forgive—never forget!'"

"True." And falling into sullen and deep thought, the prisoner turned away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert."—*Childe Harold.*

There was a long silence; then, as if knowing that the same train of reflection existed in both minds, Pietro said, suddenly,

"Time wanes, and I have something yet to do. But it is necessary that you should answer me one question first. Had you, from whom I learned all I know of vengeance, been wronged, what would you have done?"

"Washed out the wrong in blood!"

"And then forgiven it?"

"Pshaw! what pardon would a dead man need? Wrong would have been done for wrong."

"Exactly; you and your enemy would be equal. I see we agree in the end, but take different means to reach it. You choose death—I, ruin!"

"I am not good at reading riddles," said Orsini.

"My words scarcely deserve the name. However, if it is an enigma, I will solve it. You have wronged and insulted me, and I have ruined you. Wrong is given back for wrong; the insult is washed out! Now we are equal, and can start in the race of life again. A while ago you asked what brought me here; I might have answered, 'two things.' One, however, I have done; the second remains to do. It is to set you free."

"Impossible!"

"Again I recur to an axiom of your former teaching—nothing is impossible to a resolute man. Here, in this bundle—(which the fool below never saw, and if he had, would not have dared to search)—is a complete disguise, by favor of which you will easily pass through the town at dusk. In the old shed at Hove's End you will find a horse, fleet as the wind, and in racing condition.—Mount, and ride for life to Hull; go to the 'Fighting Cock,' show this coin, and ask for Skipper Pringle. He expects, and is waiting for you; in ten minutes you will be on board his vessel, and with a fair wind, out of reach of pursuit before noon to-morrow."

"The plan is feasible," said Orsini, fixing his keen eyes upon the speaker: "is it honest? May I trust you? You have betrayed me once!"

"And would again, if I had the same cause. But you know me now, and will not give it to me. Till you do, you may trust me? I have had my revenge, Jerry!"

A dangerous flush came over the listener's face at this word, but it was dusk, and Pietro did not see it; as after a minute, he went on—

"Ah, it is not so fine a name as Orsini or Count, but it's a braver one, and has answered many a cry the other would have skulked from. Pity for you, you ever gave it up. But, hush! here's the gaoler—a good half hour beyond his time, a cowardly fool!"

At this moment, a grating sound in the lock announced the return of the official, and slowly turning the key, and pushing open the door, Grinder entered, to find the two men facing him, their backs to the light, and the whole room shrouded in the mysterious gloom of autumn twilight.

"Well," said Pietro, "so you have come at last."

"I didn't know it was so late; an' I didn't like to come before, an' interrupt your talk," answered the man.

"Very kind and thoughtful, I must say; but if you had said you didn't like to face me, it would have been nearer the truth.—You must do it, however; and as it is dark now, you must bring candles to do it by. Go and fetch them."

Grinder obeyed, and returned with two miserable tallow candles, which he placed upon the table, and having done so, looked up fearfully to the countenance which he *felt* was regarding him narrowly, and which had been hitherto hidden by the sombrero.

The light flashed full upon it; and then, uttering a low cry of terror, the wretched gaoler reeled, and covered his face with his hands, uttering a deep groan.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Pietro, cruelly. "You know me now, do you?"

"Oh, mercy—mercy! Have mercy on me!"

"That depends upon yourself. Do as I bid you, and you are safe enough."

"But my situation—my duty?"

"The first or the last, do you mean?"

"I don't understand. I—I—"

"Don't you? I must help you, then. Off with your coat!"

"Oh, pray—pray, sir!"

"Bah! I'm no image, that you should pray to me. Do as I bid you, or take the consequences. Do you want me to serve you as I did that idiot down stairs?"

Still the man hesitated, and Pietro advanced a step and laid his hand on the other's arm.

"Oh, no, no! Be merciful to me!" he cried, shrinking back in agony. "I'm a trying to live honest; don't ruin me forever. It wasn't my fault the Captain was brought here. I've treated him like a genel'man ever since, and he'll never say to the contrary."

"You knew it was the Captain, then?"

"How—how did he know me? I never saw him before," said Orsini, in astonishment.

"Perhaps not. I did. I had the pleasure of signing him with our little seal somewhere about six years ago; and as I never forget a face seen under such circumstances, I recognized him the first week he came to Shirley, and kept my eye on him. Now, will you take off your coat, or not?"

"'Tain't no need. I own to that, you see," answered Grinder, in tones of utter despair.

"That's well; it saves trouble—especially if you own also to having had the laws of the band you joined read over to you, and knowing what they were."

"I don't deny it."

"You remember, then, the punishment of desertion—the instant and prompt obedience, loyalty, and secrecy to which you bound yourself?"

"I couldn't bear 'em, or the doin's, an' so I left 'em. I won't go back. I'd rather die first."

"Very well; you shall do that, if you like, presently. First, you must do as I like; and by way of helping or comforting you, I will just explain that rebellion to my will will neither save your life nor place, although obedience to it will do both; and that, whether you agree to what I desire, willingly or not, I shall find means to make you do it."

"What do you want?"

"To save the Captain."

"'Tain't possible."

"I told you once before to-day, that nothing is impossible to a resolute man. The Captain must and shall escape; and you must and shall assist him. Now, will you do it quietly or not?"

And taking from his pocket a small pistol, Pietro began ostentatiously to examine it, while a heavy stillness reigned through the room; and at last, when he thought terror and silence had completely mastered his victim, he looked up suddenly, carelessly bringing his weapon to the full cock, and asked,

"Come, have you made up your mind?"

The man started.

"What do you want me to do?" he repeated, absently.

"To push back under the door the key of this room, when you go down, after locking it. To get every one in the house, yourself included, off to bed by nine o'clock; then, after fastening the outer doors, leave the keys (accidentally, of course) on the table. When all is quiet, we shall go down, return the key of this room to the bunch, and let ourselves out. You will hear us, and at any time during the night can come down, and arrange matters so as to make it appear in the morning that the Captain escaped by favor of aid from without instead of within, and so throw of suspicion from yourself. The people about here are a stupid, thick-headed race, and you will easily blind them if you have sense enough not to talk and try to explain. More men hang themselves with their tongues than their crimes."

"If I should be found out, an' put in prison myself?" asked Grinder, with dogged hopelessness.

"Never fear; you will be as safe then as now. If the Captain escapes by your help, his friends will forget that you have been a deserter, and remember only that you were not a traitor, and did not betray the comrades you fled from; as well as that you still bear on your arm the sign of brotherhood, and have a right to our aid."

"But come what will, took up or not, I'll never jine you agen."

"You could not if you would. The ranks never open to receive again the member who has once broken them."

"Very well; there's no misonderstandin' betwixt us, then. I'll do what you want, and the good Lord send as I may never set eyes on any o' ye no more. Good night, Captain, an' good by. There don't want no more talkin'—there's the key."

Left alone, the two men speedily effected the necessary disguise; and, clad in the inconspicuous undress livery of coachman, with cockaded hat, and face completely tied up with toothache, the smuggler might have passed unsuspected through a party of "his dearest friends."

The work completed, the workers sat down to wait and listen. For some time, the house seemed to their painfully excited senses unusually alive with sounds, but by-and-by, one after another they died away; and when the church clock struck ten, not a movement of any kind could be heard.

Then when the last echo ceased to vibrate, Pietro rose quietly, saying in a deep whisper, "It is time; let us go."

Noiselessly, as if they had been shod with felt, the men glided down stairs and into the little parlor.

All was still as death; the fugitives held their breath to listen, but there was not a sound.

The keys were on the table, half hidden by Grinder's jacket. Pietro took them so cautiously that not one struck or jarred against the others, and readily fitted the right one to the lock. A moment more, and they would have been in safety, but just as Pietro turned the key, a pair of strong arms were thrown round him, pinning his to his side, and a voice cried triumphantly in his ear,

"Ha, master! I ain't waited for nothin.' I knowed you was a'rter no good!"

With a low, fierce oath, the sinewy Italian twisted his lithe figure, and turning, grappled with his assailant, in whose voice he instantly recognized the young man who had opposed his admittance in the afternoon.

Whether the gallant lad knew that it would be vain to cry for help to the gaoler, or whether, mistaken in the estimate of his strength, he yet unfortunately relied upon it to free himself and capture his antagonist, I cannot tell; but certain it is, that after the first involuntary words, he spoke no more; the struggle was continued in utter silence, and ended, as the earlier encounter had done, in the honest man being conquered by the villain.

Once down, Orsini, quick as light, gagged and bound him, and was moving away, when in the glimmer of the lantern, his eye caught the flash of steel, and turning sharply round, he saw Pietro, with his knife at the prisoner's throat.

With a panther's leap, the smuggler threw himself upon the assassin, and wresting the weapon from his murderous hand, said, in a deep, hoarse voice,

"No more murders in cold blood! Besides, he has been kind to me."

"But—" began the Italian, savagely.

"I will not hear it," interrupted Orsini, with something of his old command.

"Then you may as well go back up stairs at once, and spare the hounds here the trouble of catching you again. He'll soon rid himself of these things, and set 'em on the track."

"No, he will not: he owes his life to me, and will not make mine pay the forfeit," said the smuggler, gazing into the large, honest brown eyes, that were fixed eloquently upon his. "He has been kind to me, and I will trust him. He is but a boy."

And a strange look came into the hard, evil face, such as it might have worn long years ago, ere vice and crime had written their red finger-marks upon it.

And the look, strange as it was, came from the heart. So you see, dear reader, that even this bad man was not all bad: some faint spark of the divine essence lingered in him still.

Two minutes after this little episode, the fugitives stood free beneath the calm night sky, gemmed with the million stars, which, to my faith, look down upon us world-worn strugglers below, like angels' eyes watching the conflict, which is to end, for each of us, in victory or death.

One moment's pause, to be assured that all was safe, and then Pietro and his Captain started at a brisk pace for Hove's End. They reached it unmolested, and diving into a little dark shed which stood back in a lane about fifty paces from the high road, Pietro brought out a splendid thorough-bred mare, of Arab strength and swiftness, which recognizing her master instantly, rubbed her head caressingly against his arm and shoulder, uttering a low neigh of pleasure."

"Ha, Bess!" said he, fondling her a moment, then examining the girths and holsters carefully,—"you must do your best for me to-night, lass. She's in capital condition," he continued, running his hand critically down her sleek, clean limbs, "and will go till she drops. But we shan't come to that, yet, old girl, shall we?"

"You must be off quickly, then; that meddling fool behind may get loose too soon, and give the alarm."

"I do not fear him. Still, it's best to be on the safe side!" and springing into the saddle, he gathered up the reins with one hand, extending the other to Pietro, but that worthy drew back, saying,

"No, no; no more humbug! We can't be friends at heart, and it is folly shamming it. There's hatred in your soul towards me, I know, though mine is pacified to you; for I have paid my debts in full—revenge for insult—freedom for kindness; therefore we had better part. Farewell forever!"

Pietro turned away as he spoke, and his figure was quickly lost to sight in the shadow of the trees.

Orsini—for I cannot reconcile myself in the least to his right name, it is so ridiculously ugly—looked after his tall comrade an instant, then drawing a deep breath, touched the mare lightly, and answering which with a gentle, whining cry, she sprang forward like a well-sent arrow.

It was a glorious night, bright though moonless; the roads were in beautiful order; and the mare, named after Turpin's famous pet, stretched to her work, as if emulous of rivalling the exploits of her celebrated namesake. Orsini was gayer and happier than he had been for months; and when, at last, the gaol was won, and he rode into the little yard of "The Fighting Cock" the next morning, no one who had seen him dismount and saunter idly into the inn, would have suspected that he had but just broken prison; and that even now the hounds of justice were on his track.

They had small chance of seizing him, however, for the little Water Witch lay just outside in the river, waiting for her passenger. A fair wind had sprung up, and was filling her white sails; her captain's well-manned boat rested alongside the private steps belonging to the inn; and Orsini had nothing more to do when he entered the house, than to present the coin Pietro had given him, inquire for Pringle, exchange his livery disguise for the garb of a common sailor and hasten on board the vessel, which immediately got her anchor up, and ran out to sea.

Somewhere about noon the next day, the Water Witch crossed the trail of a Dover steamer, upon the deck of which stood a pale, delicate girl, attended by a gentleman, who might have been her father, but who, unfortunately for all parties, was her husband.

She was gazing sadly upon the waters, indulging in thoughts which had fled to objects far, far away, when the little Witch came up, and was for a minute or two full under her sight; then she looked up, started, and turned paler than before.

"What is it? what is the matter?" asked her companion, eagerly.

"Why, only that I fancied I saw an old acquaintance on board that vessel: the very man, indeed, who was to have married my cousin."

"Orsini?"

"Yes. And I should be positive it was he, if only such a thing were possible."

"Why should it not be?"

"He is in prison."

"Was, when you heard last; where he is now, it might be difficult to say. Anyhow, it ought to be ascertained. The vessel looks like a revenue cutter, but that cannot be relied upon; she is quite as likely to be a smuggler. I must get our Captain to hail, and send a boat on board."

But that prudent officer shook his head, and declined to interfere.

"Your Grace may be mistaken," he said, shortly. "Nothing is more deceptive than likeness; and if the man was in safe custody when you left England, it is scarcely probable he should be here now. At any rate, it is no business of mine; I am not in the Queen's service, and have received no official authority to keep a look-out for any man. Besides, I make it a rule never to interfere with people who don't interfere with me."

So the Water Witch and the Lady de Saumarez each held on her separate course, and in due time arrived at their destination;—the former placing her dangerous passenger safely on board an Australian trader, which carried him, unsuspected, to Melbourne, whence, going up the country, he joined a successful body of men in some daring speculations, by which he made a fortune, and lost his life in defending it; the latter, landing the Duke and Duchess of Carlisle at Calais, *en route* for Paris, where the honeymoon was to be spent.

Now, honeymoons, as the name implies, *ought* to be the happiest time in people's lives, and wedding tours their happiest journeys; but you and I, dear sir, or madam, whichever you may be, who now bend over this page with me, know perfectly well what is the value of that frequently recurring cypher, and will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that in this instance, as in so many others, it literally "stood for nothing," filling up a space that might just as well have been blank.

The bride and bridegroom whose fates we are following were *not happy*; nor did either of them attempt to cheat their own hearts by pretending to fancy they were so.

So far from it, the Duke grew daily more suspicious of his wife, and more dissatisfied with her coldness; while she became hourly more hopeless and depressed, looking with greater, more ineffable dread upon the dreary future, looming dense and rayless before her.

No wonder, then, their honeymoon was anything but charming, and that our gay and volatile neighbors, looking upon their visitors' gloomy faces, thought the English, stranger and more incomprehensible people than ever.

Thus time went on, until early in the ensuing spring the Duke and Duchess reached Naples. There they remained tolerably comfortable for a few weeks or a month; but at its expiration a circumstance occurred which brought their visit to an abrupt conclusion.

It was a particularly lovely evening; there was a large party at the English Ambassador's. The Carlisles, of course, were there; and Beatrice at last, weary of the heat and bustle of the reception, went out upon the balcony to enjoy the fresh and balmy air, when a sudden exclamation caused her to look wonderingly down.

In the street below stood a young and graceful man, attired in the height of Italian fashion, his hat in his hand; and the beams of the setting sun played at hide and seek among his rich chestnut curls, while his large grey eyes, lustrous as stars, gazed up passionately into the young Duchess's face.

With a pleasant smile of recognition, Beatrice bowed, and overjoyed by the act, our old acquaintance Andreas, now Ettore Gonsalvo, darted instantly into the palace, and guided by the fluctuating crowd, speedily found his way to the spot hallowed by the presence of the object of his devotion.

After a few words of courteous apology to her excellency for his abrupt entrance, and gay smiles and nods to such of the guests as he knew, Ettore glided through the rooms to the balcony, and joined the young wife.

"The holy saints be praised," he said, fervently, bending low over the hand Beatrice frankly extended, "that we meet again. It is scarcely twelve months since we parted, and yet it has seemed an eternity."

"Yes, it has been a long year," answered the Duchess, sadly; "but let us not speak of it now. Rather suffer me to congratulate you on your return to your native country, and the happy train of events which has placed you where I find you, giving you admission to circles you are so well fitted to adorn."

"Ah, it is a great change, but I owe it all to you."

"To me—how?"

"Have you forgotten that terrible night at Cliff Castle, and the advice you gave me?"

"It was not worth much, I fear."

"It saved me—rescued me from earthly and eternal misery, and restored me to honor and honesty."

"I am most truly thankful. But you must have had great difficulties to surmount?"

"I had. Great triumphs are not won without great struggles, and mine was no exceptional case. One help I had, however, which I did not expect. Orsini threw no obstacles in my way, but seemed as glad to dissolve the connexion as I was."

"Of course you know that he was arrested soon afterwards?"

"And escaped again. Yes, that is no secret. But now, Miss Lyle—"

Beatrice started violently. Had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet, it could not have alarmed her more than the sound of that dear old name, to which, alas! she had given up all claim for ever.

"No, no!" she cried, hurriedly. "Do not waste time talking about me; let us speak of yourself. Did you find the sister you told me of, well and happy?"

"She is married."

"Ah, then, there are new ties and friendships for you, and you, too, will be happy."

"When? Not on earth, I fear—unless you, dearest Miss Lyle—"

"Hush—hush!" said she, rising quickly. "That is not my name now."

"Not your name! What do you mean?" cried the young man, becoming perfectly white. "Oh, speak, speak!"

Beatrice trembled for him and for herself, but it was no time to falter or hesitate. With a great effort, she compelled her voice to be steady, and then she said, "I have been to blame in not asking your congratulations before, but there have been as great changes with me as with you. I am married now, and my husband is in that room. Let me introduce you to him."

Like a merciful surgeon, Beatrice struck at once and deeply, expressing no compassion for him whose heart she knew she was rending, but telling all the worst, frankly and at once. Nor had she calculated wrongly upon the nobility of the nature she thus tested. The very might of the blow gave the young Italian power to bear it, and no word or sigh, save only a deeper flush upon his olive cheek, betrayed the agony he endured, when Beatrice, leading him gravely to her husband, said, "This is an old friend of mine, Lionel. Suffer me to make you known to each other. Signor Gonsalvo, the Duke of Carlisle!"

They bowed; but as Ettore did so, his eyes flashed a lightning glance from husband to wife, then rested on the latter one brief moment in unutterable pity, as, fair and gentle in her exceeding beauty, she stood before her husband, whose watchful, unloving gaze dwelt suspiciously upon her innocent face.

For distracted by jealousy, and the remembrance of his own terrible life of sin, Carlisle suffered no word or look, however simple, addressed to his wife, to escape his observation; and this of Ettore, the most significant he had ever yet seen bent upon her, could not fail to arouse in his mind the falsest and most injurious suspicion.

Still, with the wonderful self-command which long contact with the world invariably gives, the Duke betrayed no sign of the hateful passion which eat his very soul, and turned everything to gall, but talked cautiously, almost friendly, with his new acquaintance, at the very moment when every faculty of his mind was absorbed in the consideration of the best and quietest means to be used for separating the two, whom he so wrongly supposed to be lovers, for ever.

His plans were quickly arranged. That night, when he and his wife took leave of their noble host, the kind old man, and all who stood around him, learned with astonishment that it was Carlisle's intention to leave Naples on the morrow—urgent business, he said, calling him to England; and early the next day, ere Ettore was abroad, the ill-matched pair were far on their way to that cheerless home, where—mercifully hidden from her at present—still further griefs and trials awaited the helpless Duchess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The second lecture of the Rev. W. A. P. Martin, delivered at the Hall of the University of Pennsylvania, we condense as follows:

The population of China, for a long time estimated at 360,000,000, is steadily increasing, a recent census showing it to number over 416,000,000 inhabitants, whom it must be borne in mind is not formed like the populations of other countries of a congeries of races, but is all homogeneous, though its origin and rise is hidden in obscurity.

The foundation of the Chinese Empire is coeval with that of Assyria and of Egypt, and while of these nations we have now only epitaphs to remind us of them, we study in the Chinese of the present day the manners and customs of their ancestors of 4,000 years ago.

Egypt, Assyria, &c., are grand even in their ruins, but sublimer far is the great banyan of empires, whose trunk is old with forty centuries, while new branches add new shades and arbors to the present tree.

Having filled to overflowing their own extensive territory, the Chinese have colonized many islands in the Pacific, and even now are supplanting negro labor in the sugar plantations of the West Indies, while they contend hand to hand with Yankee enterprise on the auriferous soil of California.

This extension is due to the geographical situation of the people. Raised in immense mountain ranges, with huge breakwaters between them, the tide of conquest which swept into a common gulf so many nations of the West, gave them at the same time a magnificent arena in which to expand, where industry, safe from the invasion of foreign nations, threw out her cornucopia of agriculture, manufacture and commerce; and more than all, it is due to a certain, almost indestructible element in the unique civilization of this peculiar people.

In the spring of '59, the American legation were accompanied on part of their way to Pekin by a civic and military escort. The equipages in which they were conveyed consisted each of a remarkable box, closed on all sides except one which opened towards the sky, a product of the ingenuity of the allies, who had abundant time, when returning discomfited from the mouth of the river where they had their engagement with the native forces, to concoct such vehicles to convey the Americans to Pekin.

The most comfortable vehicles were the chariots, draped with silken gauze, and cushioned with satin, resting on two wheels and drawn by two mules. They were thirty in number, five for the baggage, five for the servants, and twenty for the individual members of the legation. These were the vehicles in which the grandees were accustomed to ride, though not very grand according to our notions. They were not easy at all, though probably as comfortable as those in which Cæsar and Pompey rode, for we have no evidences that the Romans knew of the use of the spring. They were too uneasy to admit of reading, and too narrow to admit of a companion, and this is a characteristic indicating a phase of Chinese life, they are gregarious but not social, and when they ride out in the sedan or the chariot, it is always one at a time; when they come home and throw themselves on a couch, it is alone, and in silence they inhale their favorite narcotic. Even their literature conforms to this characteristic, being addressed to the eye and not to the ear, so that it is unintelligible when read aloud, and it can give pleasure but to one alone at a time.

The first day's journey of the embassy lay through an uninhabited heath, the next day's travel was through cultivated fields, but no farm houses were to be seen, for even the agricultural population are compelled to huddle together in villages and hamlets for mutual safety and protection.

At the mouth of the river at the end of the next day, they found several large junks, the sails of the principal one, which was blazoned all over with characters, being patched together of pieces of flags which had been made use of by the various viceroys of the Government, and other high dignitaries who had employed that vessel. Twice the number were there for the Mandarin escort.

These junks made but slow progress against the current of the stream, proceeding 120 miles in five days, thus solving the problem of 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, and each days' journey was only half as far as that of the preceding day.

On arriving at the sea shore they were welcomed by the Viceroy himself, and at the first stopping place by his lieutenant, the second man in the province, and throughout their whole journey they were attended by Mandarins of all grades to the lowest rank, and everywhere they were treated with the most scrupulous attention and most profuse hospitality.

The Mandarins of China are of two general classes, civil and military, and these are distinguished severally into nine grades, the civil Mandarins being the most important and occupying the most prominent positions, possessing the greatest influence.

In a Chinese procession nine sedans are seen passing through the streets, preceded by a numerous body of lictors who bear banners inscribed with their titular dignities, and cry aloud to all passing and repassing to maintain profound silence, and to manifest the most solemn reverence; every plebeian on horseback has to dismount, and every pair of spectacles on a plebeian nose must perform the same feat; every cue rolled round the head must become vertical; and then come the dignitaries, the first two distinguished by knobs or buttons on their caps of plain and carved material, and each borne by eight men; the next four are distinguished by knobs of a transparent material, a peculiar white, and each is borne on the shoulders of four men; and the last three are distinguished by gilt buttons, by courtesy called gold, and their dignity is not considered too weighty to be sustained on the shoulders of two men.

These Mandarins are not a caste like the Brahmins of India, neither are they the hereditary nobles of the empire; nor are they appointed by the Emperor, or yet elected by the people.

They are self-elected by their own efforts, and this introduces us to a most admirable feature in the civil polity of the Chinese people.

China has no Universities or Colleges, and yet it may be truthfully asserted that she extends a more effectual patronage to letters than any other nation on the face of the earth, from the fact that she more effectually rewards attainments in literature. She says to her sons: "Prosecute your studies with such aids as you can obtain, and the Government will undertake to decide on your attainments, and reward your merit, and dispose of the civil offices in the Empire as the prizes to be won by exertion." For this purpose the Chinese have an extended tribunal, with officers in every district, with large buildings in which to hold examinations, which are looked forward to in every part of the Empire with the same deep, burning, intense interest with which the Greeks of old were accustomed to wait for the recurrence of the Nemean and Olympic games.

Twice in three years the literary aspirants in each district assemble for examination, and to compete for the first literary degrees. About one per cent are promoted. for their success. They are placed in separate cells in a large building, themes are given them with paper and ink, and after being thus confined for twenty-four hours to their tasks their productions are handed over to the judges, marked with their several cyphers. These judges retain them for some days in order to make diligent comparison as to their chiographical appearance, grace of style, force of argument, depth of erudition and justness of sentiment, and then, having selected those essays which are distinguished by their excellence, they honor their authors with the title of *budding genius*, corresponding with our Bachelor of Arts.

Successful candidates are honored with the privilege of wearing one of the brass knobs, with a long silken gown, and with an immunity which the Chinese feels as did the ancient Romans, and that is the freedom from the liability of corporeal punishment, and this gives the candidate, if he ascends no higher, a social position and influence which to him is a full reward for all his exertions.

The "BACHELORS" once in three years convene at the provincial capital to compete for the next degree, or that of *promoted man*, corresponding to our Master of Arts.

Here the trial is more severe, the attainments are expected to be of a higher grade. The ratio of success is the same, being about one per cent., and the degrees are regarded as of much greater importance.

The successful candidates are permitted to erect two large flag staffs before their doors, which will announce to the passer-by the abode of literary distinction, and to place over their doors a tablet inscribed with golden letters, "*the home of a literary chief*."

These do not immediately enter into civil office, and still have another established honor to be promoted to the rank of *public Mandarins*.

These assemble once in three years in Pekin, to contend under the immediate auspices of the Emperor for the higher honor of *Doctor of Laws*, which signifies those who are prepared to enter office. Here the ratio of success is rather more numerous, being three per cent., and those successful are at once introduced to the substantial emoluments and honors of public office. Some are received into the fellowship of the Imperial Institute, and are employed as historians and poets to the Emperor. These are examiners in literary tribunals; and others are Governors of cities; and from this day rise still higher in proportion to their merit and executive talent.

It is almost inconceivable what a stimulus is thus addressed to the mind and intellect of China. This career is open to all whose families are free from the stain of indelible disgrace, and the red crested messengers of the Mandarins may often be seen to approach a humble cottage, and proclaim with the clang of gongs and flourish of trumpets to the inmates, that one of their near relatives has won the first honors at Pekin, and been called the *Laureate of the Emperor*.

Almost every family cherishes the hope that one of their number will attain this honor, and visions of glory and distinction float before the mind of every boy at the very commencement of his studies.

In passing through the streets of the cities, long after the hum of business has subsided, you may hear the voice of the scholar repeating his own composition or reciting passages from the classics, for it is their custom to study aloud.

These boys undergo great privations to pursue their studies; one who was too poor to furnish himself with lights, is said to have gathered fire-flies to serve him as a substitute; and another liable to fits of drowsiness tied his cue to a beam just above his head when he sat down to study, so that when taking to nodding he would be waked up to resume his studies.

The Chinese literati do not give up their literary aspirations, and lay aside their emulation with the period of youth, but continue to prosecute their studies long after, even when the frosts of age have fallen upon them, and are still found engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, and entering the lists in new arenas, side by side with their grandchildren, relinquishing the prospect of a prize only with life itself.

It is probably owing to this long continued application, that the Chinese retain a great degree of intellectual vivacity, for Chinese scholars probably surpass the same class, at the same ages, in other countries.

They retain much of the intellectual activity and facility of composition which characterizes the earlier years of literary men, even far into old age.

The approach to Pekin would not lead any one to suspect himself to be in the vicinity of one of the great capitals of the earth. The traveller sees none of the beautiful villas which adorn the environs of the capitals of Europe, and the only indication of a grand place is the immense metropolis of mausoleums, containing the remains of by-gone kings.

In the immediate suburbs of the great city he discovers a kind of shabby magnificence, and then the wall rises before him; the gate is truly imperial, and the rampart stretching for many a mile is an admirable specimen of masonry, exhibiting towers here and there, erected for the accommodation of soldiery in times of war, but in peace these towers are tenanted by beggars, who, according to the rule of contraries, are the *highest* race in China.

They are, too, the only ones who indulge in the luxury of feather beds. In a large building the floor is covered to the depth of a foot with feathers, the poor beggars at the close of day repair to this place, and each paying his pittance takes his place in regular order. An immense covering is drawn up to the roof by pulleys, and when all are in their places, at a given signal, it descends like night, each one thrusting his head through a slit for a breathing hole, and all commence snoring in concert.

Passing within the gate, a street of immense breadth spreads out before you, but still does not strike you as befitting the capital of a magnificent sovereign; you behold on either side the blank walls which hide the abodes of the wealthy, princely and aristocratic from the view of the passer-by, and in the interstices the miserable hovels of the poor; and in the very middle of the street a long line of huckster's stalls, covered over with patched garments and dirty matting. There is no one building which strikes the attention of the visitor, and the appearance of the entire place is meagre in the extreme.

There is nothing like architectural display in the public buildings, and that occupied by the American Legation may be taken as a fair sample. It had been the palace of the prime minister, who had been degraded for ill success in arresting the progress of the rebellion, and is a specimen of a first class mansion in Pekin.

It covered one acre of ground, with four successive ranges of buildings only rising to a single story, and the single element of comfort which it afforded was its space.

In fact a truer description of Pekin could not be given than that which Byron has furnished in his description of Lisbon.—[See Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto 1, xvii. et seq.]

There are, however, some pleasanter scenes. There is a magnificent bridge spanning a lake, the waters of which were adorned with the fern leaves and the many colored flowers of the clime.

There was also at no great distance, though the travellers were not permitted to tread the forbidden grounds, the garden of the Emperor, basking in the slopes of a beautiful hill, shaded with vine groves, and adorned with delightful pavilions, where the Emperor and the fair occupants of his seraglio were accustomed to take their siestas. Beyond, but hidden from view, is the interior palace of the Emperor, not the one which the allies destroyed, for that was situated in the country.

This the Chinese describe in glowing terms, saying that its roof is of burnished gold, and that it rests on columns of solid gold. There, too, may be seen gold fish swimming in basins of gold, and even the pavements are inlaid with gold.

The chief distinction of the place is that it is the abode of the Emperor, and the Emperor is the Empire, who can assert his will with more emphasis than did Louis Quatorze, and whose acts are felt throughout the remotest portions of the largest body of human beings on the face of the earth. China has always been true to the principle of regarding all power as vested in the Emperor alone, for their favorite name for Emperor is the *son of heaven*, and points to the theocratic origin of his power, and shows that it is based upon the reverence of his people.

The first sovereign of their historic period comes before us, not clad in mail and bearing the weapons of the warrior, but with the moral dignity of a *patriarchal father*, and with the sublime character of the HIGH PRIEST OF HIS PEOPLE, like another Melchizedek, or *prince of the most High God*.

His reign is distinguished by no military achievements, but is handed down as a model of government to his successors, and even at this remote day operates with a powerful influence on the spirit of the Chinese Government.

So tender and careful was he regarding all the interests of his people that *he was unwilling to transmit the sceptre to his own son*, who was dull and profligate, and whom he deemed unworthy to follow him. Each of his prime ministers in turn modestly declined the sceptre he proffered them, and united in recommending a young man who they considered was worthy to occupy the throne, because having a cruel father, a termagant mother, and a profligate brother, he had by the moral influence of his personal virtues reformed the whole household, and they, therefore, deemed him fully competent to rule a nation.

He, too, in his turn, set aside his unworthy child, and named a man of known virtue and talents as his successor, and the example of the two operates so far at the present day that the sovereign is recognised as having the unlimited right to control the line of succession.

The sceptre does not necessarily descend with the line of blood in any family, neither is it limited to the family by any such right as primogeniture which is unknown in China. For the present Emperor is a fourth son, and his three elder brothers are still living.

The father selects to succeed him, that one of his children who is best fitted by character and talents to do honor to the imperial throne; a noble principle, which has done much good for China in many ways, for their Emperors have usually enjoyed much longer and more prosperous reigns than the Kings of any other country ruled over by an absolute sovereignty; for in China the last seven Sovereigns have occupied the throne for 217 years, and no one of them has perished by a violent death, a fact unprecedented in any other country.

One of the results of the peculiar view of the Chinese people as to their Emperor being the *Viceroy of Heaven*, is the ascription to him of a peculiar connection with the forms of material nature.

His history and the destinies of his house are supposed to be written in starry characters on the field of Heaven, and five astronomers are continually looking towards the Heavens from the imperial observatory to the *five quarters* of the Heavens to find what indications are held out in regard to his future destiny. Comets are regarded as indicating that Heaven is displeased with the ruling of the Emperor, and an earthquake portends that the Empire, uneasy under his sway, is about to be transferred to the possession of another.

Another consequence of this view is the rendering of divine honors to the Emperor; he is worshipped, and his temples are erected in all the principal cities of the Empire, and he arrogates to himself divine honors from foreign envoys, who are expected to prostrate themselves nine times in his presence.

The Chinese women, with their olive cheeks, raven hair, eyes of jet, and cherry lips would be regarded as handsome but for their uncouth costume, and the monotony of their appearance. Every Chinese woman you meet has the same cast of features, no matter in what part of the empire you find her. There is also a perfect monotony as to dress; everywhere you meet with the same large sleeves, big enough for American ladies to nurse their lap-dogs in; and they all have the same narrow skirts unexpanded by any modern contrivance for occupying space; and each one has a fan in her hand. Moreover this peculiar fashion is not recent in China, as these ladies do not seem to possess that peculiar characteristic so universal a trait in all Western nations. Men change in China, not women; with the change of dynasty the male sex change their costume; but the women, never. The present race of men on the accession of the Tartar dynasty had to shave their heads, and wear their hair in the long cue, and change the cut of their garments; but the Tartar chief knew he could not alter the costume of his female subjects without provoking a contest which might result in his overthrow. Woman in China may be regarded as a real *antique*, a living specimen of the past.

The fashion of small feet, compressed to most fascinating dimensions, was commenced about a thousand years ago; though the present occupants of the high places, the Tartar race, do not practice that fashion. The Empress and the ladies of the court do not cramp their feet, which will account for the large shoes found in the Emperor's palace during its recent plunder by the allies.

A female in China enters the world with the stigma of inferiority upon her, and a great difference is made between the ceremonies at her birth, and the rejoicing evinced when a male child is born. The Chinese girl is a slave, jealously guarded from infancy, incarcerated in her own home, and the day of freedom never comes. Confucius himself says, "a woman has three masters; at home, her father; when married, her husband; and when widowed, her son."

The damsel is bartered away by the will of her parents, through the medium of matchmaking *go-betweens*, and the very term by which the daughter of a gentleman is styled as "*your thousand pieces of silver*," indicates this circumstance.

Chinese poets have undertaken to spread a fanciful coloring over the matrimonial occasion, and sing of its pleasures to the bride and her joyful greeting of her bridegroom, but it exists only in poetry, for she never sees him at all until after the performance of the marriage rite, when for the first time her hood is removed, and she takes in her hand a cup, chained to another cup in the hand of her husband, and they pledge to encounter together all the bitter of life and partake together of all its sweets. For her the bitter predominates; and this will account for the universal practice of the Chinese bride weeping while being led on her way to the home of her bridegroom; and the sight can be seen in a heathen temple of a thousand women kneeling and praying to their god that in the next state of existence their sex may be changed, and they have their turn as the lords of creation.

Female talent, however, has not been wanting, but it has not been cultivated, and notwithstanding the manner in which they are treated, and that woman is debarred access to the schools, one of their women became a great historian; another led the armies of the Emperor to victory before ever did Joan D'Arc; and another was deemed worthy to be compelled to govern, and exhibited, as Empress, talent equal to that of a Catharine or an Elizabeth; but as a rule they do not permit woman to avail herself of the advantages so lavishly conferred upon the other sex; and this has compelled her to innate resources, and she has eagerly received and inculcated the superstitions of Buddhism which have covered the whole land with idolatry. In seeking to instruct the Chinese people into the doctrines of Christianity, missionaries need to commence with the women, with the daughters of the Empire, as corner stones polished for the raising of a temple which shall be filled with living stones instinct with the Holy Spirit.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour is steady, but dull at previous quoted rates. The week's sales reach some 6000 bbls, part taken for export, within the range of $5,37½@5,50 for superfine, $5,62½@5,87½ for extras, $6@6,25 for extra family, and $6,50@7 ℘ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, including 1000 bbls Brandywine sold on terms kept private. Rye Flour is but little inquired for and dull, with small receipts and sales at $3,37½@3,50 ℘ bbl. Of Corn Meal the receipts and sales are also light, including about 600 bbls Pennsylvania meal at $2,75 ℘ bbl, which is a decline.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat; some 40,000 bushels, however, were disposed of at 128@135c for common to choice Western and Pennsylvania reds, 133@136c for Southern do, and from 135 to 150c for white, as in quality; the bulk of the sales were at 130@132c for fair to good Pennsylvania reds, afloat, taken for shipment. Rye is unsettled and rather lower, with sales of 4000 bushels to note at 65@68c for Pennsylvania and North River. Corn is unchanged; about 38,000 bushels new sold at 62c for prime dry yellow, afloat, and 60@62½c, in store and in the cars, including inferior at 58@60c, as to condition, and prime white at 63@64c; the receipts are fair. Oats are firmer and not so plenty, with sales of 15,000 to note at 33@33½c, for Pennsylvania, and 30@32½c for Southern, the latter for prime Delaware, afloat. Barley has declined, with sales to some extent to note at 65@65½c for prime New York; a lot of Pennsylvania sold at 55c. Barley Malt is quiet.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are moderate and the market firm and advancing; Mess Pork selling in lots as wanted at $17½@18½, now held higher; 1000 bbls prime sold on terms kept private, and city Mess Beef is steady at $12@14 ℘ bbl. Of Bacon the sales are limited at 11@12½c for plain and fancy Hams, 10c for Sides and 8c for Shoulders, on the usual terms. Green Meats are better and selling at 8½@9½c for Hams in salt and pickle, 6¾@7c for Shoulders and 9@9½c for Sides in salt. Lard is firm at the advance, 10½c being refused for prime Western, in tcs and bbls, and 11c for kegs. Butter meets with a steady demand at 14@15c for prime Roll and 9½@10c for packed. Cheese is dull and the sales moderate at 9@10c ℘ ℔. Eggs are selling at 12c ℘ doz.

COTTON—The stock is very much reduced and prices are better, the sales are mostly in small lots, including about 400 bales in all, at from 11½ to 14½@15½c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

ASHES—Both kinds are in limited request and firm at quotations.

BARK—There is a good demand for Quercitron, and all offered, about 100 hhds, found buyers at $25½@26½ for 1st No 1, the receipts are light. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is in steady request, and good yellow is firm at 32½@33c.

COAL—There is rather more doing, and prices are without any quotable change.

COFFEE—The market for all kinds is firm, the want of stock limiting operations to some 900 bags at 11½@13½c for Rio, and 14½@14½c for Laguayra, on time.

COPPER is dull and we hear of no sales this week.

FEATHERS continue dull and drooping, and we quote good Western at 43@44c ℘ ℔.

FRUIT—The sales are moderate and prices unsettled, including 1500 bus dried Peaches at a price kept private.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The sales continue light, prices ranging at 18@25c for new crop eastern and western. The stock is moderate, and old Hops very dull.

IRON—The market for this staple is quiet; holders generally ask $21½@22 for No. 1 anthracite, and $21 for No. 2, on time. Of Scotch pig we hear of no sales.

LEAD is firm but quiet, and no sales of any consequence are reported.

LUMBER—Trade opens slowly, and we are advised of further sales of white Pine Boards at $13@17; yellow sap Boards sell at $13@14, and Hemlock raft lumber at $6@7 ℘ M. Laths and Shingles are steady.

MOLASSES continues dull, with sales of Cuba in lots at 18@21c, as in quality, including a cargo of fair Trinidad at 20c, on the usual credit.

PLASTER is inactive. The last sale we hear of was at $2,87½ ℘ ton for soft.

RICE is better, with sales in lots of 450 casks, part to come here, at 4½@4½c, the latter for prime, which is now scarce and held higher.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, some good and prime lots have been taken at $4,75@5 ℘ bus, and some from second hands at 8c ℘ ℔. Timothy is quiet at $2,50@2,75 ℘ bus.

SPIRITS—The market for all kinds is firm but dull, with a small business doing in Brandy and Gin. N. E. Rum is selling at 30@32c, as to lots. Whiskey has been moving off slowly at 16½c for drudge; 17c for hhds and 17½@18c for bbls, the latter for Ohio, but the market closes firmer.

SUGARS—The market is firmer and more active, and about 1000 hhds, mostly Cuba, have been disposed of on landing at from 4¾@5c for refining, up to 5½@6½c for grocery qualities, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is dull, city rendered selling as wanted at 9½c ℘ ℔.

TOBACCO—There is no change in prices, but the city trade are the chief sellers, and business less active than usual at this season.

WOOL—There is no new feature in the market, and a very limited business doing at irregular rates, buyers taking hold only to supply their immediate wants.

Surplus of Breadstuffs.—The city of Chicago at the present time contains within a fraction of 40,000,000 bushels of grain, the largest amount ever gathered together in one place on this continent. The warehouses of Milwaukie, La Cross, Dubuke, McGregor, Winona, St. Paul, and indeed all the grain depots of the Northwest, were never so crowded as they are to-day; yet notwithstanding the vast stores of grain, and the still vaster quantities sent East and South since last September, it is estimated that to-day as much grain is in the hands of the farmers unsold as the combined product of the crops of 1858 and '59. Thus it is rendered certain that, even should the crop of 1861 be a disastrous failure there will be "corn enough in Egypt" to carry us through to the fall of 1862. Our farmers, however, should sow as much land as possible, as years of war are apt to be years of scarcity—and war is enough of a scourge, without famine being added to it.

The Winter in Syria and Palestine.—The past winter has been one of unexampled severity. The snow has been two feet deep in the city of Jerusalem. Three houses were crushed by the weight of the snow. Eight inches of water fell in twenty-four hours. The Damascus road from Beirut was impassable for more than two weeks. On the 9th of February the passage of Lebanon was effected through the snowdrifts, at the peril of life. A Dr. Drakakis and his party left their animals at Kub Elias, at the French camp, and pressed on on foot. After six hours incessant toil, through snow varying from two feet to fifteen feet in depth, they reached Hammana, a distance of six miles, well nigh exhausted.

Extra Session.—Gov. Curtin has called the Pennsylvania Legislature together again, to meet on the 30th. He says that "Adequate provision does not exist by law to enable the Executive to make the military power of the State as available and efficient as it should be for the common defence of the State and the Federal Government."

A bill has passed the legislature of Penna. punishing all aiding or assisting of enemies of this State or the United States, selling arms or ammunition to them, &c., engaging in any combination to betray them, &c., by imprisonment for ten years and $5,000 fine.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1274 head. Prices varying from 7 to 9½c ℔ ℔. 60 Cows were sold at from $20 to 40 ℔ head. 5000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $4,50 to 5,50 ℔ cwt, gross. 1067 Hogs brought from 6¼ to 7½c ℔ cwt, gross.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, April 11th, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. **Levi French**, to Miss **J. Adeline Adams**, both of New Gretna, New Jersey.

On Tuesday, 16th instant, at St. Luke's Church, by the Rector, Rev. Dr. Howe, **Samuel E. Randolph**, to **Anna**, daughter of David Lewis.

On Tuesday morning, April 9th, by the Rev. Geo. A. Crooke, at St. John's P. E. Church, Mr. **George W. Thompson**, to Miss **Mary Knorr**, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, **Edward Gillespie**, to **Caroline V. Haines**, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. **William Moran**, to Miss **Mary A. Doak**.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. **William P. Walton**, to Miss **Martha E. Seal**, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. **Levi Miller**, to Miss **Sarah Holliday**, both of Mill Creek, Montgomery county.

April 11th, 1861, in Del. city, Del. by the Rev. E. J. Way, **William H. H. Clark**, to **Emma L. Alexander**, both of New Castle county, Del.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday morning, 16th instant, **Harrison Koons**, in his 21st year.

On the 16th instant, **William S. Martien**.

On the 15th instant, **Henry C. Moorhead**, in his 45th year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. **Jane Peterson**, widow of the late John Peterson, aged 65 years.

On the 14th instant, **Joseph P. Engles**, aged 67 years.

On first-day morning, 14th instant, **Thomas Firth**, in his 36th year.

On Sunday morning, April 14th, after a short illness, at his residence in Mantua, **James C. Voodes**, aged 35 years.

On the 14th instant, **Eliza A. Wilkins**, widow of the late Richard Wilkins.

On sixth-day evening, the 12th instant, **Samuel Bettle**, in his 87th year.

On the morning of the 15th instant, after a long and painful illness, Mr. **Isaac Wilson**, in his 38th year.

On the night of the 15th instant, **Martha Ann**, wife of John Cromwell, in her 49th year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, '67	—	—
" " '68	—	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	95	96
" " new	96	101
" 5 "	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	—	65
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct,	—	—
" County	—	—
Penn 6 pr ct,	—	—
" 5 "	84	85
Tenn 6 "	—	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	—
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	—	—
Virginia "	—	—
Ind State pr ct	—	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch' Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	64	66
imp. 6 pr ct	—	—
stock	—	—
preferred	—	17
Lehigh Nav stock	51	51½
mort 6 pr ct	100½	101½
scrip	34½	—
Morris Consol'd	—	—
preferred	108	110
Ches & Del	—	—
bonds	—	75
Union	—	—
bonds	—	—
Sus & Tidewater	—	—
bonds, 1878	—	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	99½	100
2nd "	84	87
stock	37	37½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	—
stock	111	113
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	—
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '86	72	74
stock	15	15¼
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	—	—
6 pr ct loan '80	—	—
Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	—
2nd "	—	—
stock	—	—
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	—	69
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	—	8
6 pr ct loan	—	—
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	—	—
6 pr ct loan	—	—
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	—	—
Michigan Centra	—	—
Illinois "	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post.
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 20, 1861.

Alabama	— dis.	Missouri	— dis.
Canada	3 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	2 dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	— dis.	New Jersey	¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	— dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	— dis.	North Carolina	— dis.
Indiana	5 dis.	NovaScotia	— dis.
Iowa	— dis.	Ohio	5 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	5 dis.
Kentucky	— dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	— dis.	South Carolina	— dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	— dis.
Maryland	— dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	5 dis.	Virginia	— dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	— dis.
Mississippi	—		

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GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 90 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 20.—FLOUR heavy; 4000 bbls sold at $5,00@5,10 for State, $5,50@5,55 for Ohio, and $5,40@5,50 for Southern. Wheat dull; 10,000 bus sold at $1,68 for white Kentucky. Corn firm; 10,000 bus sold at 69c; yellow Southern at 71c. Beef steady. Pork firm. Lard steady. Whiskey steady at 20c.

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These celebrated Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at **294** Canal Street, New York, Dr. Brandreth's Office, and by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. **14** North Eighth Street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. **232** North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. ap27-2t

NATURAL MAGIC!

Suppose a case.—Suppose you have sandy, red, white, grizzly, or flaming yellow hair. Suppose you prefer a light brown, a rich dark brown, or a raven black. Well, you apply (if you are wise)

CRISTADORO'S Excelsior Hair Dye,

and in ten minutes your mirror shows you a

WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION!

Every hair that a few moments before was an unsightly blemish, is now an element of beauty. "A magnificent head of hair" is the exclamation whenever you uncover. The difference between

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

was not more striking than that between a gray or red head in a state of nature, and one to which this famous dye has been applied.

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Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. ap27-eow2t

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BURNETT'S KALLISTON,

For removing Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Redness and Eruptions of the Skin, and for rendering the complexion clear and beautiful.

The following testimonial furnishes conclusive evidence of the efficacy of this famous cosmetic:

Marlboro', July 11, 1856.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.:

Gents.:—The packages of *Kalliston* came to hand last evening, and I am glad to have an opportunity to state to you how much we value it. My family have used it almost daily for more than two years, and now they think they cannot do without it.

A single application has repeatedly removed the freckles from the face of my little boy, leaving his skin smooth and fair. And in all cases of sunburn or irritation of the skin from whatever cause, it has thus far proved itself a perfect and very pleasant remedy.

I can, if you desire, refer you to several cases of obstinate cutaneous disease, in which I know the *Kalliston* has had a wonderfully good effect; one in particular, the daughter of Mr. P——, one of my neighbors, had suffered for many years from eruptions and painful inflammation of the skin, (probably the effect of bad vaccine virus,) leaving it in several places puckered and quite red. A few weeks ago I recommended to him your *Kalliston;* he has since informed me that the effect of its use has been very marked and beneficial, that the skin has become soft and smooth, and the inflammation and redness has nearly disappeared. This is an important case, and I will tell you more about it when I see you.

I owe it to you to state that I did not believe in the efficacy of any cosmetic until I tried your *Kalliston*, and I cheerfully give my testimony in its favor. Yours respectfully,

JOHN M. BOYD.

Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston. Sold by dealers generally, at 50c. a bottle.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

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TO UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MEN.—NERVOUS DEBILITY permanently cured by a new and original method. Unfortunate young man, write to me and learn how you may be restored to health. Address (inclosing $3,)

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ap27 tf

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RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

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CURE

NERVOUS HEADACHE;

CURE

ALL KINDS

OF

HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

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They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

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The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

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WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM

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THAT A

SPEEDY AND SURE CURE

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As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. Spalding, *they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.*

Masonville, Conn., Feb. 5, 1861.

Mr. Spalding.

Sir:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige

Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

Haverford, Pa., Feb. 6, 1861.

Mr. Spalding.

Sir:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,

MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

Spruce Creek, Huntington Co., Pa., January 18, 1861.

H. C. Spalding.

Sir:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

Belle Vernon, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

Henry C. Spalding, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*

Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

Beverly, Mass., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. Spalding, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills,* which I sent her. Respectfully yours,

W. B. WILKES.

Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio, January 9, 1861.

Henry C. Spalding,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.,

Dear Sir:

Inclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.

Truly yours,
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As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜

is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

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No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, Corn and Wheat, as the Prairies of Illinois.

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Of the State lies within the zone of the Cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp, and the Wheat is worth from 15 to 20 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

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The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

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These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing employments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses; the taxes are light, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,105,398 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of forty-nine counties, through which it passes, was only 335,598 since which 479,293 have been added; making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 to $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Cent. R. R., see pages 188, 189 & 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

R. DOLLARD,
513 Chestnut Street.
Philadelphia,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eow1y

WHAT HAS JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE DONE?

It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.

It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.

It has cured complicated Diseases.

It has cured BLINDNESS and WEAK EYES.

It has cured Disease of the HEART.

It has cured DROPSY and WATERY SWELLINGS.

It has cured WHITE SWELLINGS.

It has cured DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.

It has removed ENLARGEMENT of the ABDOMEN, and of the Ovaries, and Bones and Joints.

It has cured ERYSIPELAS and Skin Diseases.

It has cured BOILS and CARBUNCLES.

It has cured GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

It has cured FUNGUS HEMATODES.

It has cured MANIA and MELANCHOLY.

It has cured MILK or WHITE LEG.

It has cured MERCURIAL Diseases.

It has cured SCALD HEAD.

It has cured ERUPTIONS on the Skin.

It has cured SCROFULA, or King's Evil.

It has cured ULCERS of every kind.

It has cured Diseases of the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.

It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.

It has cured CHOREA, or St. Vitus' Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.

It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and TETTER.

It has cured thousands of Female Complaints.

In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative never fails to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

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Fine SHIRTS and DRAWERS made from measurement at a few days' notice, and in all cases WARRANTED to fit.

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DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?

DO YOU WANT A MOUSTACHE?

DO YOU WANT A MOUSTACHE?

BELLINGHAM'S

CELEBRATED

STIMULATING ONGUENT,

FOR THE WHISKERS AND HAIR.

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Is prepared by Dr. C. P. Bellingham, an eminent physician of London, and is warranted to bring out a thick set of

WHISKERS OR A MUSTACHE

In from three to six weeks. This article is the only one of the kind used by the French, and in London and Paris it is in universal use.

It is a beautiful, economical, soothing, yet stimulating compound, acting as if by magic upon the roots, causing a beautiful growth of luxuriant hair. If applied to the scalp it will cure *baldness,* and cause to spring up in place of the bald spots a fine growth of new hair. Applied according to directions it will turn *red* or towy hair *dark,* and restore gray hair to its original color—leaving it soft, smooth and flexible. The "Onguent" is an indispensable article in every gentleman's toilet, and after one week's use they would not for any consideration be without it. The subscribers are the only agents for the article in the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Price One Dollar a box, and Postage 15 cts.

A box of the "Onguent" will be sent to any who desire it, by mail, securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, $1,18.

Apply to or address,

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DR. H. JAMES DISCOVERED, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, will be sent on the receipt of a stamp for return postage. Address

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WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a foetid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and for sale by Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

[The republication of this amusing poem, by PRAED, may be welcome to many of our readers.]

Years—years ago—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise and witty;
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;
Years, years ago, while all my joy
Was in my fowling piece and filly;
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at a country ball;
There when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing;
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And when she danced—oh, Heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender,
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle;
I wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers;
Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
Of daggers or of dancing bears,
Of battles, or the last new bonnets;
By candle light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle,
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frowned; but how should gout
Find any happiness in kneeling.

She was the daughter of a dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother just thirteen,
Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year,
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second-cousin was a peer,
And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three per cents,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
She warbled Handel; it was grand—
She made the Catalina jealous.
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for trimming, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes of elder water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored,
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute;
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room belle,
But only Mrs.—Something—Rogers.

THE ENGLISH SHILLING.

It is with ridicule as with compassion, we do not like to be the solitary objects of either, and whether we are laughed at or pitied, we have no objection to sharers, and fancy we can lessen the weight by dividing the load. A gentleman who was present at the battle of Leipsic told the Rev. Mr. Colton a humorous anecdote. After the signal defeat of the French at this memorable action, Leipsic became full of a mixed medley of soldiers of all arms, and of all nations; of course, a great variety of coin was in circulation there; a British private, who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipsic, and, displaying an English shilling to the landlord, inquired if this piece of coin was current there? "Oh, yes," replied he, "you may have whatever the house affords for that money, it passes current here at present." Our fortunate soldier, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by sundry bottles of the most expensive wines, were dispatched without ceremony. On going away, he tendered at the bar the identical shilling which the landlord had inadvertently led him to expect was to perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the exclamation elicited from "mine host of the garter," by such a tender, may be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation, very much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord, took place, who quickly found, not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also that the laugh would be tremendously heavy against him. This part of the profits he had a very Christian wish to divide with his neighbor. Taking, therefore, his guest to the street-door of his hotel, he requested him to look over the way. "Do you see," said he, "that large hotel opposite? that fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five-franc piece into the bargain if you will promise, on the word of a soldier, to attempt the very same trick with him to-morrow that succeeded so well with me to-day." Our veteran took the money, and accepted the conditions; but, having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took his leave of the landlord, with the following speech, and a bow that did no discredit to Leipsic: "Sir, I deem myself in honor bound to use my utmost endeavors to put your wishes in execution; I shall certainly do all I can, but candidly inform you that I fear I shall not succeed, since I played the very same trick with that gentleman yesterday; and it is to his particular advice, alone, that you are indebted for the honor of my company to-day."

CARE OF PARROTS.

Three conditions are essential to Polly's health and comfort—warmth, proper food and cleanliness. The diseases to which these birds, when in captivity, become subject, are brought upon them through ignorance or neglect, for when properly treated, they are perhaps the healthiest of all our feathered prisoners. How often a bird may be seen shivering at an open window, or out of doors, in a cold wind, and when he drops dead from his perch, or wastes away, nobody supposes his being set out in "that beautiful sunshine" had anything to do with the misfortune.

Again, no creatures suffer more from improper diet. When you see a parrot sitting sullenly, its head drawn into its neck, the plumage dull and harsh-looking, you may be sure poor polly is a martyr to dyspepsia, and feels quite as cross and no-howish as human bipeds do under similar torments. All birds in captivity should be fed as nearly as possible as they feed themselves in freedom. Now, the Psittacidæ are strict vegetarians, young shoots, pulpy fruits, grain, and almonds, make up their bill of fare. To keep your bird in full health and beauty—which is the visible sign of health—you must confine him to bread soaked in water (no milk, remember,) hemp-seed, or hemp and canary mixed; a bit of hard biscuit, or crust dried in the oven, is healthful; dates, nuts; in fact, any dry or ripe fresh fruit in moderation. He has Paddy's taste for a good boiled potato, which may be indulged. His favorite part of an apple is the core, from which he picks out the pips with evident relish, undaunted by Sir Fitzroy Kelly's opinion. For orange and lemon pips, also, he has a penchant, even for those of the Seville orange, which we might suppose too bitter for any living thing to eat. Never give your bird animal food in any form, and you will not find him suffer from dysentery, lose his feathers in patches, or pluck them out, as parrots often will, in the uneasiness produced by a vitiated state of the blood consequent on improper diet. The last point, and a very important one, is cleanliness. Both perch and cage must be duly attended to, or our favorite is apt to suffer from sore feet, or to be attacked by insects. A bath regularly given, daily in summer, twice a week in winter, with the chill just off the water, adds much to his comfort and appearance. They don't like it at first, but they soon enjoy the fun of being well splashed, and are always noisier after it. These rules, which were given me by a dealer in foreign birds in Paris, who has long been noted for the health and beauty of his parrots, apply to cockatoos, macaws, lories, and all birds of this genus.

Wit and Humor.

THE FAULTY PORTRAIT.

All you sitters, (says a portrait painter,) expect to be flattered, and very little flattery do you bestow. Perversely, you won't even see your own likenesses. Take for instance the following scene, which we had from a miniature painter:—

A man, aged about forty, had been sitting to him—one of as little pretensions as you can imagine; you would have thought it impossible that he could have had an homoeopathic proportion of vanity—of personal vanity, at least; but it turned out otherwise. He was described as "a greasy, bilious man, with a peculiar, conventicle aspect—that is, one that affects a union of gravity and love.

"Well, sir," said the painter, "that will do; I think I have been very fortunate in your likeness."

The man looks at it and says nothing—puts on an expression of disappointment.

"What! don't you think it like, sir?" says the artist.

"Why—ye-e-s, it is like—but—"

"But what, sir? I think it is exactly like. I wish you would tell me where it is not like."

"Why, I'd rather you would find it out yourself. Have the goodness to look at me."

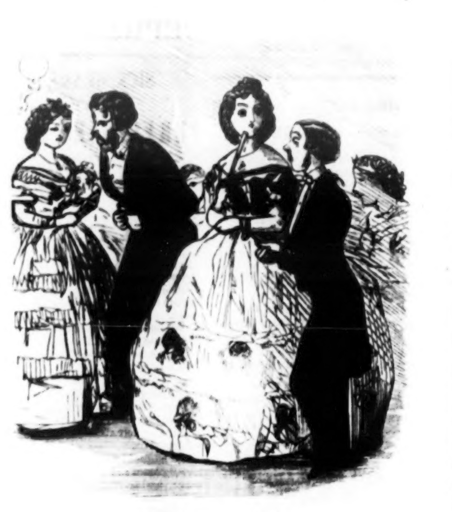
And here our friend the painter declared that he put on a most detestably affected grin of amiability.

"Well, sir, upon my word I don't see any fault at all—it seems to me as like as it can be; I wish you would be so good as to tell me what you mean."

"Oh, sir, I'd rather not—I'd rather you should find it out yourself; look again."

"I can't see any difference, sir; so if you don't tell me it can't be altered."

"Well, then, with reluctance, if I must tell you, I don't think you have given my *sweet expression about the eyes.*"



HELPING HIM ON!

CRUEL FAIR ONE (TO SILENT PARTNER).—"Pray! have you no conversation?"
—*London Punch.*

SHORT SCIENTIFIC LECTURES
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE NOSE.

We take the following good thing from the Cleveland Plaindealer:—

My Hearers.—This is a subject about which there has been a great deal written and said. I might assert, without fear of contradiction, that no organ of sense has received so much "blowing" as the nose. It is so prominent that it is often the first feature that strikes you in a stranger, particularly if you come in contact with him *face to face.* Small noses are said to denote indecision of character and narrow views. It follows, then, that big noses are attended with broad views, caused probably by an increased width between the eyes. It isn't always the person who has the most nose that knows the most. The elephant has got a remarkable development of nose. It is very convenient for picking crackers out of the boys' caps at shows, squirting water through, &c., but the elephant isn't half so smart and knowing as the monkey, who hasn't any nose at all, only a dent in the face and two gimlet holes. "Plain as the nose on a man's face" is a very common and at the same time a very incorrect expression, for the merest tyro in geography can tell you that the nose is a promontory and not a plain, unless it has been planed off, in which case the comparison would hold good. The nose is the only organ that can sneeze, and therefore no matter how homely it may be, it is not to be sneezed at by any of the other organs.

The Roman nose was very popular among the ancient Romans, because the most of them had it. With them, not to

"Know the pride of a Roman nose,"

was not to be a Roman. Romulus, the founder of Rome, was the first one who had that peculiar nasal formation. His nose was straight originally, but while he was building the walls of Rome, his brother Remus, a spiteful little imp, pushed him over the walls, and striking upon his face, his nose was broken in three places. Thus originated the Roman nose, afterwards a mark of distinction. Another writer gives quite a different account of it. He says the original term for that style of proboscis, was "roaming nose," indicating a disposition on the part of the possessor to roam about, poking his nose into other people's business. I am inclined to the former explanation, and consider the latter a slander on a numerous class of very respectable people.

It is not considered polite in good society, for one gentleman to wring another gentleman's nose with his thumb and finger, though different views are entertained upon the subject in different localities. In Arkansas it is no unusual thing for a man to chew his friend's nose off in the most urbane and gentlemanly manner, when a little heated in debate.

The shape of the nose leads people off on the wrong scent frequently in judging character. Individuals are often called haughty, proud, *stuck up*, in short, when in fact they are quite the reverse, and have merely got a stuck up nose. A man can't always be snubbed with impunity because he has got a snub nose, nor are pug noses invariably attended with a disposition to *pugnacity.*

Snuff-takers are the ones who are really "led by the nose." They have been known to pinch themselves for the necessaries of life, in order to give their noses the accustomed pinch. It is no unusual thing to see an aged couple closing a life of usefulness, by degenerating into *a pair of snuffers,* and finally snuff themselves out. Hamlet's father must have been an inveterate snuff taker, for when he became a ghost he "*snuffed* the morning air." On this subject "(s)nuff ced."

My youthful hearers, you see numbers about you every day whose noses have "passed the Rubicond," and are fast taking to themselves the hue of the red pepper pod, dead ripe. Remember that the puggiest of pug noses is far more respectable than a bottle nose, and that nose painting is the most expensive way in which you can cultivate an acquaintance with the fine arts.

A GREEN 'UN'S EXPERIENCE OF A TUNNEL.—On entering the cars they were so full that we could not get seats together; but I got him a seat in the forward part of one of the cars while I took one further back. We soon got under way, and they run that express train "like sixty." I could see by watching Bill that he was getting mighty "onaizy." He looked all around him, and overhead, and then back at me, but I never "let on" that I saw him. By-and-by the cars roared into a tunnel where it was as dark as tar, and you know what an awful noise the cars make in those tunnels. Well, as soon as we got out into daylight, up jumped Bill, and as he turned around I saw that he was a-winking and a-blinking and rubbing his eyes at a great rate. Pretty soon he made a start down the car toward me, groping and feeling like a blind man. When he came to my seat and had taken a good hold of it, he leaned over, and in a low, stammering voice, said:

"Doc. I—I—I say there's something the matter with me; I—I—I was blind for about a half minute just now!"

TO FIND OUT AN IRISHMAN.—Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in his late book on Ragged Schools, tells the following amusing anecdote:—

"With all its drunkenness, I will not deny my country. I would find that, perhaps, as useless as did an Irishman of my acquaintance. He had a touch of the brogue, and yet so boldy claimed to be an Englishman as to silence if not convince us. Unfortunately for him, an Irish lady, who lived in our pension in Paris, had not forgotten, though she had resided long in France, the habits of her country. Fixing her green eyes on him one day at dinner, she said—

"'I know you, sir, to be an Irishman,' choking the falsehood in his throat by this characteristic and, to the English and Scotch part of the company, most diverting reason, 'I know it, sir, by the way you peel your potato.'"

THE DEACON'S EXCUSE.—Deacon F—— came to California, and was tempted after sinful gains. A friend and member of the same church found him one night "playing at monte." With holy horor, he nudged the absorbed player into a knowledge of his presence.

"Deacon, do I find you gambling?"

With ready wit to relieve him from his embarrassment, he chuckled—

"No, no, friend S——, not gambling! You see, *this is a corrupt institution, and I am doing my best to break it up!*"

BEGINNING MODERATELY.—An Irishman left a demand with a lawyer, a friend of ours, for collection, with directions to have a letter sent before any suit commenced. "What shall I write about?" asked the lawyer. To which Pat replied: "Why your honor will plaze begin a little moderate in the matter, jest calling him a divil of a spalpeen and nigligent puppy, and so coming on sharper till ye reach to the bottom of the chapter."

☞ HERALDRY VS. AGRICULTURE.—We may talk what we please of lillies and lions rampant, and spread eagles in fields of *d'or* or *d'argent*, but if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.—*Cowley.*

☞ A CHINA-CALIFORNIAN EDITOR.—There is a bright Chinese editor in Sacramento, named Yee Yune. He writes well, and is fond of the ladies. Just now he is in jail for abducting one.

Agricultural.

HOW THE CHINESE MAKE DWARF TREES.

We have all known, from childhood, how the Chinese cramp their women's feet, and so manage to make them "keepers at home," but how they contrive to grow miniature pines and oaks in flower-pots for half a century, has always been much of a secret.—With the breaking down of their famous wall, and of their exclusiveness, this, among other curious nonsense, has been partly discovered and understood. It is the product chiefly of skillful, long continued root pruning. They aim, first and last, at the seat of vigorous growth, endeavoring to weaken it as far as may consist with the preservation of life.

They begin at the beginning. Taking a young plant (say a seedling or cutting of a cedar), when only two or three inches high, they cut off its tap-root, as soon as it has other rootlets enough to live upon, and replant it in a shallow earthen pot or pan.—The end of the tap-root is generally made to rest on the bottom of the pan, or on a flat stone within it. Alluvial clay is then put into the pot, much of it in bits the size of beans, and just enough in kind and quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment to the plant. Water enough is given to keep it in growth, but not enough to excite a vigorous habit. So, likewise, in the application of light and heat. As the Chinese pride themselves also on the *shape* of their miniature trees, they use strings, wires and pegs, and various other mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of habit, or to fashion their pets into odd, fancy figures.

Thus, by the use of very shallow pots, the growth of tap-roots is out of the question; by the use of poor soil, and little of it, and little water, strong growth is prevented. Then, too, the top and side-roots being within easy reach of the gardener, are shortened by his pruning knife, or seared with his hot iron.—So, the little tree, finding itself headed off on every side, gives up the idea of strong growth, asking only for life, and just growth enough to live and look well. Accordingly, each new set of leaves becomes more and more stunted, the buds and rootlets are diminished in proportion, and at length a balance is established between every part of the tree, making it a dwarf in all respects. In some kinds of trees, this end is reached in three or four years, in others ten or fifteen years are necessary. Such is fancy horticulture among the "celestials."—*American Agriculturist.*

COAL ASHES ON GRASS.—I have experimented with coal ashes, and find them well worth applying, although it is doubtful whether they will pay for a very long cartage. I staked out a piece in an old meadow and spread coal ashes on quite thick, early in the Spring. The influence was quite apparent as a coat of manure or of plaster would have been. It started clover, and the grass was much higher and thicker. There is in most coal ashes from stoves, a small quantity of wood ashes, but not enough to account for the effect produced on my meadow. I agree with you that it is better to spread coal ashes on the soil than to mix them with manure. —*American Agriculturist.*

BEES.—In the province of Silesia, 260,000 colonies of bees are kept, representing a capital of more than one million of dollars. These, even in the most unfavorable years, yield a profit of ten per cent; and in propitious seasons, such as the year 1846 was, the yield was fully 100 per cent., or more than $1,000,000. It is well ascertained that the whortleberry and buckwheat blossoms are much richer in saccharine juices on the poor soil of Silesia than in more fertile districts.

PATIENCE IN MILKING.—A writer in the Ohio Farmer says, that a cow was cured of holding up her milk, by patiently milking until she ceased to hold it; and by continuing the practice, she has become an easy regular milker, and a good cow.

Useful Receipts.

FISH SAUCE.—Put in a pan a quarter of a pound of flour, moisten with a pint and a half of milk or skim-milk, add three parts of a teaspoonful of salt, the same of pepper, mix all smooth, add a little mixed spise, or two cloves, grated nutmeg, one onion cut in four, set on the fire, stir continually, and boil twenty minutes; it must be rather thick; take out the onions and cloves, add to the sauce four ounces of butter, mix it well, pour over the fish, and bake as above; a little parsley, chopped, thrown over before sending to table, improves the appearance, and a little grated cheese thrown over previous to placing in the oven, gives a nice yellow look, and this will be much liked. The sauce can be made and kept for some days without spoiling. This sauce is nice with every kind of white fish. Bread-crumb may be put over the sauce before cooking. The remains of previously cooked fish may be dressed in this way.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

HEAVES.—The Farmer and Gardener gives the following as a cure for the heaves in horses:—Take smart-weed, steep it in boiling water till the strength is all out; give one quart every day, mixed with bran or shorts, for eight or ten days. Give green or cut up feed, wet with water, during the operation, and it will cure.

TO PURIFY WATER.—It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large tablespoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hogshead of water, (the water stirred round at the time,) will, after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure articles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single teaspoonful.

CLERGYMEN WITH BEARDS.

Ecclesiastical discipline on this subject has been influenced by varying reasons. Sometimes the clergy have been forbidden to shave, shaving being effeminate; sometimes the razor has been prescribed to them, because pride lurked in a beard.

In early times, beards were undoubtedly worn by ecclesiastics. Then came a smooth-faced interval. Then the beard flowed once more, as witness the portrait of Bishop Gardiner and Cardinal Pole, in the reign of Mary. Then the razor reigned again.

As an illustration of the persecution of clerical beards, only here the bishop was the shaver, we cannot refrain from copying an amusing anecdote related by Southey in his "Omniana," 191.

"Guillaume Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, who assisted at the Council of Trent, and built the College of the Jesuits at Paris, had the finest beard that was ever seen. It was too fine a beard for a bishop, and the canons of his cathedral, in full chapter assembled, came to the barbarous resolution of shaving him. Accordingly when next he came to the choir, the dean, the prevost, and the chantre approached with scissors and razor, soap, basin, and warm water. He took to his heels at the sight, and escaped to his castle of Beauregard, about two leagues from Clermont, where he fell sick from vexation, and died."

One reason against bearded ecclesiastics we may hope has passed away forever. It was valid in the seventh century, when we read ecclesiastics could not be distinguished from the laity by their actions, but only by their want of beards.

☞ Of all the climes of earth, the torrid zone bears the *palm.*

The Riddler.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is found in field or barn;
My second is formed of bricks or stone;
My third, a herb, to all is known;
My whole is a General of renown.
SAMUEL S. LAIRD.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a cape east of Africa.
Is one of the Philippine Islands.
Is a city in New York.
Is a division of Italy.
Is a mount in Europe.
Is a peninsula of Asia.
My initials form a river in the old world.
My finals, place of situation.
SAMUEL S. LAIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a conjunction;
My second is an abbreviation;
My first [illegible] second is an article of diet;
My third is the place of battle;
My whole was an American Major in 177[illegible].
F. R. WALLACE.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a gulf east of Asia.
Is a county in Kentucky.
Is a river in Sweden.
Is one of the United States.
Is a lake in Africa.
Is a bay on the east coast of Central America.
My whole is a range of mountains in the old world.
My initials form the mountains, my finals the place of situation.
S. S. LAIRD.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two numbers, such, that if the less be taken from 4 times the greater, the remainder will be 88; and if 4 times the greater be divided by 3 times the less, the quotient will be ½ of the smaller number. What are the numbers?

Glencoe, Ga. J. W. HATCHER.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three men bought a tapering piece of timber, in the shape of a pyramid; the base was a square, whose side was 40 inches, and the height 300 inches. Supposing each to have paid the same amount, what would be the length of each person's part, if it was cut by planes parallel to the base?
H. D. M. M.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three poles, each 50 feet long, were erected on a plain so that the upper ends met and the lower ends were 60 feet apart. What length of rope was required to reach from their point of meeting to the ground?

Manor Dale, Pa. J. F. HUMES.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the Mediterranean the dirtiest of seas? Ans.—Because it is the least tide-y.

☞ When do many bets become singular? Ans.—When they are won.

☞ When is a horse not a horse? Ans.—When he is turned into a field.

☞ When do two and two not make four? Ans.—When they are beside each other (22).

☞ When is a barrister like a squirrel in a cage? Ans.—When he's going the circuit.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Natchitoches, Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana. LITERARY ENIGMA—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. TRANSPOSITIONS—Fort Sumter—(frost, muster, fore, must.) CHARADE—Pine-apple. CHARADE—Bradstreet. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—5-28.

Answer to J. F. H.'s PROBLEM, published March 30th.—A would receive $17,01; B, $14,16; C, $8,50.—John Y. McCarter, Haysville, Pa.

Answer to same.—A and B receive $15,36; A and C, $12,80; B and C, $11,52; making, in all, $39,68.—W. B. Michael, Girard, Ill.